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EASTMAN'S WHITE MOUNTAIN GUIDE.

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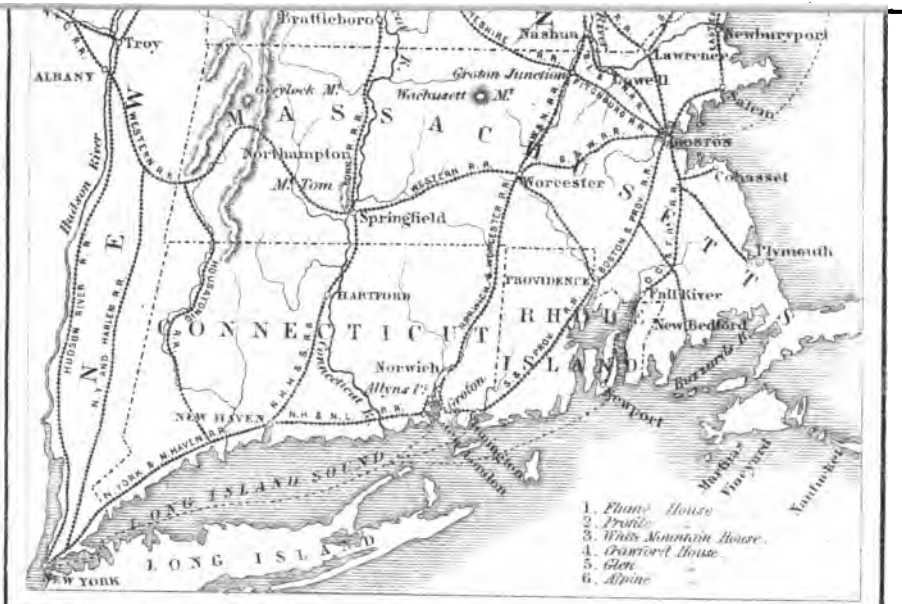
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LONG ISLAND
NEW YORK
1. Flume House
2. Profile
3. White Mountain House
4. Crawford House
5. Glen
6. Alpine

THE

WHITE MOUNTAIN

GUIDE BOOK.

By

Samuel Edson Eastman.

SIXTH EDITION.

CONCORD:
EDSON C. EASTMAN.
BOSTON: LEE & SHEPARD.
1866.

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PREFACE.

It is hoped that this Guide will form the most complete, accurate, and reliable Guide, yet published, to the Mountain Region of New Hampshire. Those before issued have been rather guides *to* than *through* the Mountains, containing plentiful descriptions of places on the way, but scanty accounts of views and interesting scenes, really the object of the visit. Omissions and mistakes may, of course, occur. The editor is very solicitous to be favored with corrections of these, founded upon personal knowledge. Travellers willing to make such communications, are requested to address them to the editor of the Guide Book, care of the Publisher.

The editor has been greatly assisted in the preparation of this book by the late Rev. Thomas Starr King, who wrote the description of the eastern side of the Mountains, Rev. Daniel Goodwin, of Bangor, Me., and Rev. Augustus Woodbury, of Providence, who have each contributed largely to its pages.

This, the sixth edition, has been carefully revised. Many additions have been made to the body of the book, and those errors which have been discovered have been corrected. A map, showing the routes, has been prepared expressly for the book. A map of the mountain region, which will be found to be in every way reliable, also accompanies the volume; it was prepared by Mr. Chas. H. V. Cavis, the engineer of the Mount Washington Carriage Road, expressly for this Guide Book.

S. C. EASTMAN.

Concord, N. H., July, 1866.

PRELIMINARY VIEW.

FROM the city of New York, the point of immediate departure for Southern, Western, and we may add a large portion of European travel into New England, seven distinct routes, more or less direct, lead to the White Mountain region of New Hampshire. Four of these are laid through the city of Boston; one through the city of Worcester, Mass., and thence by way of Nashua, N. H., up the valley of the Merrimack River; one through the cities of New Haven, Hartford, and Springfield, up the valley of the Connecticut River, by railroad to Littleton, within three hours' ride by stage-coach to Franconia; and the seventh by way of the Hudson River, by rail or boat, to Albany, thence to Rutland, and Bellows Falls, Vt., intersecting at the latter place with the route up the Connecticut. In addition to these, starting from Niagara Falls, there is a route down the St. Lawrence, and approaching the Mountains either on the northern or western side.

The general view is as follows: —

1. NEW YORK TO BOSTON, via Stonington and Providence, on Long Island Sound by steamboat to Stoning-

ton, thence to Providence and Boston by rail, arriving at Boston at 5½ o'clock, A. M.

2. NEW YORK TO BOSTON, via Newport and Fall River, on Long Island Sound by steamboat; from Newport by rail, arriving in Boston in season for the morning trains, north and east.

3. NEW YORK TO BOSTON, via New London and Norwich, on Long Island Sound by steamboat to New London; thence by rail through Worcester, arriving at Boston about 5½ A. M.

4. NEW YORK TO BOSTON, by railroad, from 27th Street, via New Haven, Hartford, Springfield, and Worcester; or by the Shore line, via New Haven, New London, and Providence. The cars leave New York at 8 o'clock, morning and evening (Sundays at 5 P. M.), arriving at Boston about 4 P. M., and 6 A. M. (Mondays at 3 A. M.). Good sleeping cars accompany the night trains.

On reaching Boston, the tourist has his choice of the three following routes:

(1.) BOSTON TO PORTLAND, over the Boston and Maine Railroad from Haymarket Square, passing through Andover and Lawrence, Mass., Exeter and Dover, N. H.; or the Eastern Railroad from Causeway Street, passing through Lynn, Salem, and Newburyport, Mass., and Portsmouth, N. H. The two roads unite at South Berwick, Me. A third route is by the steamboats which leave India Wharf at seven o'clock P. M.* every evening, and arrive at Portland early in the morning. Arriving at Portland, in five

*See Addenda.

hours from Boston, the traveller can immediately leave (after refreshment) for the "ALPINE" or "GLEN" House, Gorham, N. H., by the Grand Trunk Railway, thus reaching the eastern side of the Mountains the same day. The time by this route is, from New York to Boston, eleven hours; Boston to Portland, five hours; Portland to Gorham, four to five hours, or, including detentions, not far from twenty-four hours from New York. By taking one of the Sound boats in the afternoon, Gorham can be reached on the afternoon of the next day without hurry or unusual fatigue.

(2.) BOSTON TO DOVER, N. H., by Boston and Maine Railroad; thence by Dover and Winnipiseogee Railroad to Alton, N. H., at the southern end of Lake Winnipesaukee; thence by steamer CHOCORUA over the Lake to Wolfborough and Centre Harbor, dining on board the boat, and reaching those places in season for a stage-coach to North Conway; thence to the Mountains by stage the next morning.

(3.) BOSTON TO CONCORD, N. H., by Boston and Maine, and Concord, Manchester and Lawrence Railroads (Haymarket Square), passing through Lawrence, Mass., and Manchester, N. H. At the latter place, a train from Boston, via Lowell and Nashua, over Lowell (Causeway Street), and Lowell and Nashua Railroads, unites with this route, and both streams of travel pour on together to Concord, N. H. Here connections are made with (*a.*) the Northern Railroad, which connects at White River Junction with the route up the Connecticut. Passengers by this route reach the Pre-

file House, by way of Littleton, the same evening at 8 o'clock, and the Crawford House, at 9. (*b.*) The Montreal Railroad, by which passengers proceed to the Weirs Station, Lake Winnipesaukee, whence the Steamer LADY OF THE LAKE conveys them to Centre Harbor in season for the afternoon stage to North Conway. If the tourist desires to reach Franconia on the same day, he passes by rail upon the same road, to Plymouth, N. H., where he stops to dine at the PEMIGEWASSET HOUSE, and takes the afternoon stage for the PROFILE HOUSE, arriving about 7 o'clock P. M., or he may go to Littleton and arrive about half an hour later. Leaving New York in the afternoon, one could reach White Mountain Notch, Franconia, or North Conway, if he so desired, on the evening of the next day.

5. NEW YORK TO CONCORD, N. H., by way of Norwich, Worcester, and Nashua. The traveller reaches Worcester by rail through New Haven, &c., or by boat and rail through Norwich. Connections are made directly with the Worcester and Nashua Railroad, and he proceeds without detention, except for refreshment, to Nashua, N. H. Here he takes the cars of the Concord Railroad for Concord, N. H., and has the choice of the routes enumerated above. The time required is the same as that for the preceding route.

6. NEW YORK TO THE PROFILE HOUSE, FRANCONIA, OR THE CRAWFORD HOUSE, WHITE MOUNTAIN NOTCH, by rail, except the last twelve or twenty miles from Littleton. The traveller by this route leaves New York

by the New York and New Haven Railroad, and proceeds as far as Springfield, Mass., without change of cars. At this place he takes the cars of the Connecticut River Railroad, passing through Northampton and Holyoke, and in sight of Mt. Tom on the west side, and Mt. Holyoke on the east side of the river, through Greenfield to South Vernon, Vt. From this place the Vermont Valley Railroad passes through Brattleborough to Bellows Falls. Thence the route proceeds by Sullivan Railroad to Windsor, Vt.; thence by Vermont Central Railroad to White River Junction, where the route by Northern Railroad connects; thence by Passumpsic Railroad to Wells River; thence by White Mountains Railroad to Littleton, and thence by stage to the Profile or Crawford House. This route, after leaving Hartford, continues up the valley of the Connecticut, till it reaches Wells River, and affords a view of the beautiful scenery which makes this valley a "garden of delight." The time is longer than by the other routes, as it requires two days to reach Franconia or White Mountain Notch; but no one will regret the prolongation of the pleasant journey.

7. NEW YORK TO FRANCONIA, via Albany, Rutland, and Bellows Falls, Vt. Passengers leave New York by Hudson River Railroad, or by boat, reaching Troy in season for the cars over the Rutland and Washington, or Western Vermont Railroad, to Rutland, where they remain over night; leaving by early train the next morning, they reach Bellows Falls in time to connect with the trains north, to Windsor,

White River, and Littleton, thus uniting at Bellows Falls with the route just named. The time is the same as by route No. 6. This is, without doubt, the most beautiful and satisfactory of all the routes proposed. Besides the magnificently varied scenery of the Hudson, one enjoys to the highest degree the ride through the mountain State of Vermont. Her hills are covered with verdure to the very summits, and the little hamlets that nestle in the valleys are the abodes of comfort, and happiness, and virtue. There is, too,

"A newer life in every gale,"

as the fresh mountain air, with its invigorating influence, brings the roses to the cheeks, and vivifies the frame.

8. NIAGARA TO THE WHITE MOUNTAINS, by boat down the St. Lawrence to Montreal or Quebec, or by cars on the Grand Trunk Railway, and thence by the Grand Trunk Railway to Gorham, N. H. Or, leaving the cars at Sherbrooke, by stage sixteen miles to Outlet Village, on Lake Memphremagog. There one may spend a day or two on the Lake, or go directly on to Franconia by the Connecticut and Passumpsic Railroad to Wells River, and thence to Littleton, and by stage to the PROFILE HOUSE. Or, one may leave Montreal by the Champlain and St. Lawrence Railway, and go to Rouse's Point; thence by the Vermont and Canada to Essex Junction; thence by Vermont Central Railroad to White River Junction. Thence up the Connecticut, by the Passumpsic, to Wells River,

and thence to Littleton and PROFILE HOUSE, or the White Mountain Notch. Finally, the Grand Trunk may be left still earlier at Ogdensburg, and the traveller may proceed directly to Rouse's Point, over the Ogdensburg Railroad, and thence over the Vermont and Canada and Vermont Central as just indicated.

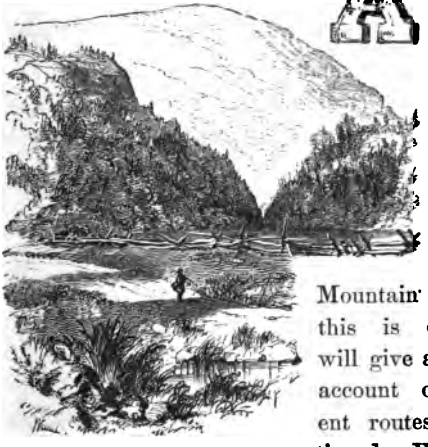
NOTE. — We cannot too strongly recommend the necessity, to the tourist, of sufficient and water-proof clothing. The weather is so uncertain among the mountains, that it is well to be prepared to defy the elements. The coolness of the atmosphere renders extra clothing necessary, while rubber boots, capes for ladies, and overcoats for gentlemen, will enable one to enjoy the scenerv, whatever aspect the face of the sky may wear.

HOTELS.

We are unable to state definitely what will be the hotel fares the present season. It is probable, however, that the Mountain Houses will charge $4.00 per day, and those more accessible to markets, $3.50,— though these prices may be modified by circumstances.

GUIDE.

The Mountain Region.



AFTER having given this preliminary view of the different approaches to the White Mountains, we propose to present a particular view of the Mountain region. After this is completed, we will give a more detailed account of the different routes before mentioned. We shall thus be enabled to give a greater symmetry to the whole book than could be obtained by first giving the routes *to*, and then *through*, the region to be visited. As the various roads approach the Mountains at different

points, we shall also avoid much needless repetition. The size of the book will thus be diminished, while its convenience for consultation will be greatly increased.

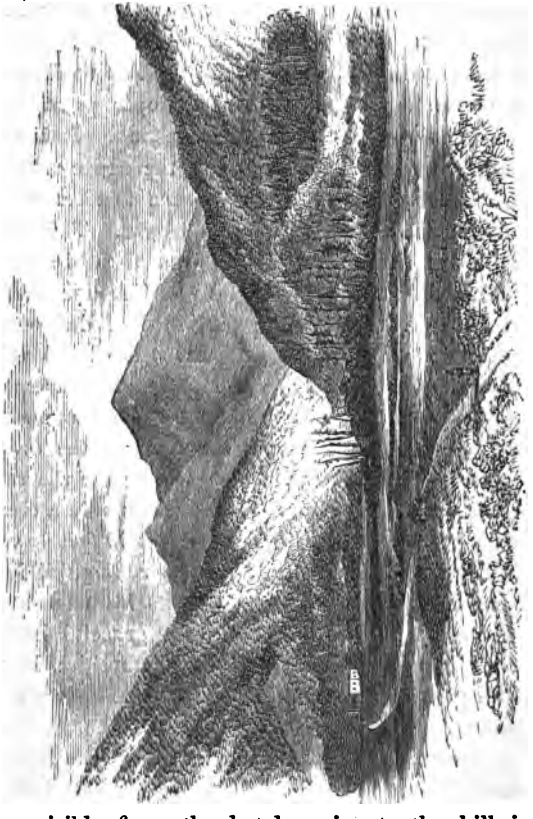
We will commence, then, at Gorham, N. H., on the eastern side of the Mountains.

GORHAM is a thriving village, which has been built up on the banks of the Androscoggin by the business which the Railroad and the Hotel have brought. The Alpine House is one of the largest of the hotels in the White Mountain region. It is the most substantially built of all. Under the charge of Mr. HITCHCOCK, it is admirably kept. Passengers are deposited from the cars directly in front of the house. The main building is one hundred feet in front by fifty in width, and is three stories high. There is an L of the same dimensions. The dining-room is a noble hall, eighty feet by thirty. The house can accommodate between two and three hundred guests.

The Alpine House is situated in a valley at the junction of the Androscoggin and Peabody Rivers. The valley is 800 feet above the sea. The breadth of it is so great that the air is more dry, pure, and bracing than in the more narrow passes directly under the lofty summits, where many of the larger public houses are placed. On this account it has often been found more grateful and propitious to invalids, who are advised to try the mountain atmosphere. There is a post-office in the hotel. Mails are received every day from Montreal, and twice a day by railroad from Boston and Portland. There is also a telegraph sta-

tion connecting with Portland, and a line over Mt. Washington, via the Glen House.

The scenery immediately around the Alpine House, in the Gorham village, when the proper points are sought for enjoying it, is very interesting. It is the only point from which the beauty of the range of Moriah, Carter, and the Imp, can be seen to advantage. Mt. Carter is about 5,000 feet in height. The base from which it rises being much lower than the level of the Franconia Notch, the summit of Carter is really higher, as seen from Gorham, than Mt. Lafayette, the highest of the Franconia range, is from the lovely Echo Lake, near the Profile House. And there are few more charming spectacles among the mountains than the heavy shadows that are tangled in the deep-cut stairways of Mt. Carter, contrasted with the soft lights that lie on its steep, unbroken forests in a clear summer afternoon. Mt. Moriah, some 200 feet lower than Mt. Carter, is remarkable for the rolling, billowy lines that flow from its dome along its huge mass to the valley. It is, perhaps, the most graceful in its outline of any of the larger New Hampshire hills. The true position from which to detect its beauty and appreciate its height is at the bend of the Androscoggin, near "Lary's," about a mile above the Alpine House. If the visitor will take this walk just before a clear sunset, he will see the whole ridge bathed in the richest purple — a sight that is one of the most agreeable rewards of a mountain journey. Only the Mountains on the westerly side of the Peabody River



VIEW OF CARTER AND IMP MOUNTAINS FROM GORHAM.

are visible from the hotel, owing to the hill immediately in front of the house. The trees, however, have been cut away on a portion of it, so that the summit of Mt. Madison now peers down into the val-

ley through the gap. This is the only one of the group standing guard about Mt. Washington visible from this point, though most fascinating views of the range may be obtained by a short walk.

The lower mountain that stands between Moriah and Carter is called the Imp.

The noble chain of hills to the north-west of the Alpine House is known as the Pilot range. The lines they cut against a clear and burning evening sky are very charming. To the east and south-east, Gorham is walled in by the stalwart and brawny Androscoggin hills. The noblest of these is Mt. Hayes, directly behind the Alpine House. Its name was given in honor of Mrs. Hayes, who was once associated as landlady in the management of the hotel, and who is gratefully remembered by all guests who became acquainted with her. The mountain stands now the noblest external monument to her memory.

The first thing which travellers usually wish to know, when they arrive in Gorham, is the distance to Mt. Washington, and the time and method of making the ascent. The base of Mt. Washington is at the distance of eight miles from the railroad station at Gorham. Stages are in waiting, at every train, to convey passengers to the Glen House, which is situated at this point. The ascent of the mountain, since the completion of the carriage road to the summit, is most commonly made in light, covered wagons. Those who prefer horseback riding can still make the ascent in that way over a most excellent road. Which

ever way may be preferred, parties can start from either hotel. If travellers are in a hurry to reach the Glen House, and prefer to start from that point, they ride in stages eight miles to that hotel, and take horses or carriages there. The landlord of the Alpine House also keeps a stable of excellent mountain horses and carriages near the foot of Mt. Washington. If travellers desire, therefore, they can have a wagon from Gorham, be driven to the base of the mountain, then take the lighter wagon or horses, make the ascent, and stay at the Glen House when they descend, or ride back at once to the Alpine House. The road is precisely the same, and the expense of ascending the mountain the same, in whichever way the excursion is made. It is well to know, however, that conveyance is furnished from Gorham as well as from the Glen; for it sometimes happens that travellers arrive in Gorham by the eleven o'clock forenoon train from Portland, who would like to make the ascent of Mt. Washington that day, and return to Portland or go on to Montreal the next morning. This is almost always practicable, and has often been done from Gorham. By taking a wagon from the Alpine House, the base of Mt. Washington is reached more quickly than by stage; the ascent is made in the afternoon, and the conveyance is in waiting to return the passenger, as soon as he descends, to the Alpine House again.

But if travellers are not in a great hurry, they should certainly make their plans to see the striking

scenery that is offered near the Alpine House. No point in the whole mountain region presents more attractions within reach of a short and delightful wagon drive, a pleasant horseback ride up a bridle path, or a tolerably easy mountain-scramble. The first of these excursions to which we will call attention is that to

The Lead Mine Bridge.

The name is derived from an abandoned lead mine about six miles below Gorham, on the eastern bank of the Androscoggin, in Shelburne. The bridge is about four miles from the Alpine House, and can be easily reached in three quarters of an hour. The proper time to visit it is in the latter part of a summer afternoon, when the golden light is on the meadows, and the long shadows are falling athwart the mountains. There is no spot in the whole mountain region where the beauty of the river is joined so charmingly to the majesty of the hills. No river view can be more fascinating than that of the noble Androscoggin breaking around emerald islands with clean sandy shores, sweeping around the base of a lofty cliff, and joining its parted currents again into one strong tide just above the bridge where one stands. And then, a few miles distant, enthroned over the narrow valley, as though the stream flowed directly from their bases, rises the heavy dome of Mt. Washington, in company with the clear-cut, exquisite pyramid of Madison, with the crest of Adams rising directly behind it.

The height of the noblest mountains is never appre-

ciated by going close to their base, if they are foreshortened by ridges intervening between the eye and the supreme summits. The Lead Mine Bridge is just far enough away from the White Hills to allow their height to make its true impression. And whoever sees Mt. Madison thus, in a clear afternoon, will recall the impression it makes, as perhaps the loveliest picture which the White Mountain journey leaves in the memory. Three hours from the Alpine House will give ample time for the excursion. Teams and drivers are always in readiness for the accommodation of guests. By taking the day, or even the whole afternoon, for the excursion, one cannot do better than to prolong the ride to Shelburne and Gilead along the Androscoggin. Some fine views of the mountains may be thus obtained.

Next among the privileges of Gorham we must speak of a drive from the Alpine House to

Randolph Hill.

This hill is on the road to the villages of Randolph and Jefferson, and is about five miles from the hotel. There is no climbing to be done; the wagon is driven directly to the summit, which is about six hundred feet higher than the hotel, and the road is excellent. By this drive one is taken directly to the northerly base of Madison and Adams. He sees the whole northerly wall of the Mt. Washington range from crest to valley. The height is far greater than the wall of the Crawford Notch. There is no point where, standing so near,

any of the White Mountains look so lofty and so grand. Certainly no valley view can be gained of Mt. Washington that compares with the grandeur of Adams from this position. The sense of height, the tremendous mass, the grand natural masonry, the rich forest verdure, the silence, the twin outlines of the two mountains, and the symmetry of the gray and blasted peaks that rise and face each other above the vast wilderness that clothes their sides, combine to make an impression on the eye and soul that years will not efface. Here, too, is peculiarly felt that harmony and symmetry of all mountain outlines, when massed together, those of the smaller hills being reproduced by the higher summits, all pointing to one common centre of towering preëminence. A traveller should not fail to take this view, if possible; and no discomfort is connected with the excursion. An hour is sufficient for the drive to Randolph Hill from the Alpine House, and three quarters of an hour for the return.

We must call attention, next, to

Berlin Falls.

Those who love water-views and cataract-scenery will say that these Falls are the richest of all the attractions that invest Gorham. They are situated six miles from the Alpine House. But the road that leads to them is excellent; the drive is taken in an hour; and the scenery on the way, along the west bank of the Androscoggin, is continually noble, wild, and stimulating. The mountains seem to overhang the stream,

and add greatly to the interest of the drive. It is no rivulet or mountain cascade one visits at Berlin. The whole Androscoggin, fed from a branch of Lake Umbagog, and never low even in a drought, like the Upper Connecticut, pours here down a rocky gateway. It is a long, swift rapid, broken here and there by a direct and powerful fall. In the course of a mile the river descends nearly two hundred feet. The road winds directly by the river, and there is no hard clambering or wet walking in the excursion.

The first view as one alights from the wagon reveals the river for a quarter of a mile flecked with little white caps at the uppermost rapids, then plunging in a winding rush of foam, then calmed again, and flowing with its ruffled caps towards Gorham. After taking this general look, which is very fascinating, we must select

points for observing the heavier pitches of the river, and estimating the force of the cataract. We must go down upon a jutting rock that faces the sweeping flood, and see the last leap of the mad tide over a huge boulder, before it settles into common rapids again; we must go up, and stand on the bridge that crosses the narrowest gully, and watch the foam sweep underneath like a race-horse — the backwater from each side overlaying the central current, so that it rushes in wedge shape, through the gorge; especially must we go last above the bridge, and sit down upon the rocks, to watch, at leisure, the first and deepest plunge of the river. Although the bridge is very near, one has no conception, in looking from it, of the grandeur of this portion of the fall. One can sit by it for an hour with increasing delight. Visitors have said that it repaid for the cost and time of a visit to the mountains, and that all the other scenery was extra. The power of this part of the fall is so satisfactory, the quantity of water so great, and the flood of foam that sweeps away from it so full of life, that we have never been able to recall, while sitting there, aught that surpasses it, in the suggestion of power, but the English fall at Niagara. We quote the declaration of a prominent poet of New England, given with emphasis on the spot once, in our hearing, when we say that it is better worth visiting than the Falls of St. Anthony.

There should be a small and well-kept public house at Berlin, that visitors might have leisure, and the cool parts of the day, and especially a full-moonlight even-

ing, for wandering around the banks, and enjoying the rapids and plunges of the river.

A visit to the falls is easily made from the Alpine House between breakfast and dinner, or in the afternoon before tea. But one needs to go several times, as at Trenton, and also to have leisure for studying the grand forms and summits of the outer White Mountains, which tower, with a symmetry that does not disturb their solid and serious majesty, a little to the west. In fact, the mountain panorama, visible from the road just above the falls, is one of the most inspiring to be found within the compass of the New Hampshire tour. But noontime is the worst season for a visit to the cataract, on account of heat. In July or August, a cool day, or a cloudy one, would be best.

It would be among the richest joys of a September visit to Gorham, to give the heart of one of its clear bracing days to an excursion along the Androscoggin, dining on the rocks above the bridge; and, returning towards sunset, to face for the most of the way the great White Mountain range, stained with a glorious brown light, and the range of Moriah and Carter lifting purple peaks and ridges against the blue southern sky. Here, too, if one has time, the drive may be prolonged, with great advantage, some four miles to Milan. At this distance from the base, the effects of the foreshortening are removed, and Mt. Washington, which, at the falls, was concealed by Madison and Adams, is now visible above them, manifesting its supremacy.

But besides the attractions to be reached by wagon rides, there are excursions to be made from the Alpine House, on horseback or on foot, that must be spoken of.

THE ASCENT OF MOUNT MORIAH

is the first to be named. There was formerly an excellent bridle-path to the summit, and a large log-cabin for protection against a sudden shower. For the past two years, however, the carriage road up Mt. Washington has attracted the greater part of the travel, so that the path has not been reöpened. The mountain is 4,700 feet in height. It can still be reached on foot, and the bridle-path can easily be reöpened. The ascent will furnish a very charming excursion for those who care to undergo the fatigue. Now and then, through the trees, a glimpse is gained of a grand coliseum of pines on the steep and crescent sides of a near mountain, from which a ravine separates you. Now and then you come upon some bare ledge or shoulder, from which you look down the valley of the Androscoggin for miles, and admire the forethought of Nature in leaving this easy track, among these billowy ridges of land, for the Grand Trunk Railway. Soon you plunge into the woods again, and are borne up and up by the panting horse till the shrubs begin to grow scanty, and suddenly you are on the desolate and jagged peak. What a view! The whole region seems thrown into wildest confusion. The eye must travel far to the south-west to rest upon any extent of level land. Northern New Hampshire, Vermont, and Maine are a

vast panorama of solid surges. On the west the distant view is barred by the heavy forms of the great White Mountain range proper.

In this respect a visit to Mt. Moriah is more interesting than to Mt. Washington; for here Mt. Washington is part of the landscape. Its height and mass, and the grandeur of its fellow-peaks, can be relatively measured, as they cannot when one stands on their ridges.

But it may be that the traveller does not care to make an ascent of a mountain so high as this, in addition to the ascent of Mt. Washington, or instead of that ascent. We will call attention, therefore, to

Mount Surprise,

and the charm of the prospect that is opened from it. This mountain is directly in front of the Alpine House. It is, in fact, one of the spurs of Mt. Moriah, and is about 1,200 feet in height. The bridle-path to the top is not difficult at all in the ascent. Good walkers can gain the crest, which is about two miles and a half from the hotel, without trouble in an hour and a half, and can return in half that time. It is an easy and charming horseback excursion for ladies. And the view which the summit offers is different in character from any that we recall in the mountain region. It suggests the marvellous picture of the Notch seen from Mt. Willard. The height of Mt. Surprise is about the same as that of Mt. Willard; and it commands the great cleft between Mt. Carter and the White Moun-

tains, through which the Peabody River flows, as Mt. Willard commands the Notch and the infant Saco.

The top of Mt. Surprise is worth visiting, apart from the view it furnishes, for the revelation it offers of the savage ruin which fire and winds can work on the hills. Scores of great tree-trunks, stripped, charred, and half consumed, are heaped and twisted over an acre or two of the crest and side of the hill, in impressive confusion. The whole scene is the hieroglyphic autobiography, it may be, of the destructive partnership of July lightning and January gale. The chief payment for the ascent, however, is not this broad "charcoal sketch" of ravage, but the sight, gained amid that dingy desolation, of the grandest portions of the White Mountain ridge. The highest summits of the range rise directly against the eye. There is no intervening ridge or obstacle. You look down 1,200 feet to the bed of the Peabody, which is fed from the great range, and up along the unbroken forests to the peak of Mt. Madison, the crest of Adams that overtops it, and, at the south-west of these, the summit of Jefferson, and the mass of Mt. Washington. There is no other eminence where one can get so near to these monarchs, and receive such an impression of their sublimity, the vigor of their outlines, their awful solitude, and the extent of the wilderness which they bear upon their slopes. The scene is so wild and glorious, and the cost of labor to gain it so slight, that it is a pity any visitants of the eastern side of the mountains should fail to add it to their treasures of memory. And besides this

view of the great range, the outlook from Mt. Surprise over the mountains of the North, and up the valley through which the Androscoggin twists its way, is very grand. On horseback from the Alpine House, the whole jaunt can be made in two hours and a half, with ample time for the Summit.

We have already spoken of

MOUNT HAYES,

which rises just behind the Alpine House, beyond the Androscoggin. If there were a bridle-path to the top of this eminence, it would soon be celebrated as affording the grandest landscape view of Madison, Adams, and Washington, to be obtained in New Hampshire. As it is, every man who visits Gorham, and who has a love of mountain scrambles, may well be urged to obtain the services of Mr. Calhains as a guide, and scale Mt. Hayes. About two hours from the base will be sufficient to gain the top. The picture from the summit cannot be sufficiently praised. The view of Adams and Madison, sweeping from the uplands of Randolph, will never be forgotten. And Mt. Washington shows no such height, or grandeur, when seen from any other point. Mt. Washington does not show its superior height, or look grander in form, than the associated peaks, from any position in the valleys near Gorham and the Glen. But from Mt. Hayes its supereminence and majesty are caught and appreciated. That Summit seems to be the chair set by Providence at the right distance and angle to observe and enjoy its ma-

jesty, its symmetry, and the proud grace with which its "airy citadel" is sustained against the sky. And by way of dessert to this substantial feast of mountain grandeur, a most charming view of the curves of the Androscoggin for twenty miles, of its exquisite islands, and of the meadows which it threads, is given from Mt. Hayes.

There is another pedestrian excursion possible from Gorham, of which we should not fail to speak. We mean the

Ascent of Mount Madison,

from the foot of Randolph Hill, and a visit to the northerly ridge and summits of the White Mountain group. To those who love mountain climbing, and the wildest scenery which the hills can exhibit, no more tempting expedition than this can be proposed. Several parties made this excursion in 1857, sometimes camping out in a ravine, or on the ridge. Their reports of the grandeur and magnificence of the views that rewarded their toil are very inspiring. A company of strong pedestrians, starting from the Alpine House, Gorham, early in the morning, and riding to the base of Mt. Madison, at the foot of Randolph Hill, could ascend Mt. Madison, pass over its summit, around or over the sharp pyramid of Adams, over Jefferson, between the humps of Mt. Clay, and reach the house on the top of Mt. Washington, before sunset.

Such a route would lie among and over the largest mountains of the range. Between Madison and Adams

the party would see the noblest outlines of rocky precipice and crest which the whole range can furnish, for they would stand directly between the steep pinnacles of those noble hills, that spring from the ridge. They could climb to the sharp apex of Adams. They would see the glorious picture of Washington, that starts out in crossing from Adams to Jefferson. The long easterly slope is shown from its base in the Pinkham forests; the cone towers sheer out of "The Gulf of Mexico;" and every rod of the carriage-road is visible from the Ledge to the Summit House.

And the route brings into view all the great ravines of the range, except "Tuckerman's." One will see the long and narrow gully between Madison and Adams, and the tremendous hollow of Adams itself on the north, which was climbed for the first time, in 1857, by a party formed by the now universally lamented Starr King, and which is called by the guides "King's Ravine." He will see the precipitous gulf between Adams and Jefferson on the south-east; the deep-cut gorge in Jefferson on the north-west, whose bones of gray cliff, breaking bare through the steep verdure, will be remembered as the most picturesque of all the scenes which the day gives. He will wind around the chasm between Jefferson and Clay, divided from the savage "Gulf of Mexico" by a spur of Jefferson that runs out toward the Glen House. And he will gaze off with delight upon the long rolling braces that prop Mt. Pleasant, and Franklin, and the tawny Monroe — the boundaries of the ravines that one sees, in riding to

Mt. Washington from the Notch, over the Crawford bridle-path.

A path through the forest of Mt. Madison to the summit, from the foot of Randolph Hill, has been "blazed" by Mr. Gordon, of Gorham. Mr. Gordon, now deceased, was a most admirable guide, and his memory will long be cherished by those whom he has served. Mr. Calhaine, who owns a farm in the Peabody valley, near where the view of the Imp is to be had, will be found a worthy wearer of Mr. Gordon's mantle. Travellers can easily learn at the Alpine House how to engage him for any service. Among other excursions that may be made is the ascent of Mt. Washington over Adams, clambering up the ravine.

Stage Route to the Notch.

Before turning from the scenery around Gorham, we must speak of the stage routes from Gorham to "The Notch." There are two roads. One passes through the Glen, the Pinkham forest, the village of Jackson, and up through Bartlett to the Crawford House, which is just beyond the Notch itself. The distance from Gorham by this route is forty-four miles; from "The Glen," thirty-six miles. The stages do not start from Gorham, but from the Glen House. They leave about eight o'clock in the morning. Travellers, therefore, who desire to go by this road, must be at the Glen House over night, or must take a ride of eight miles from the Alpine House to the Glen early in the morning, in order to reach the stage.

Cherry Mountain Road.

There is another route from Gorham to the Notch, by what is called "The Cherry Mountain Road." The distance by this route is thirty-two miles. There are no regular stages over it, as over the road from the Glen House. But Mr. Hitchcock, the landlord of the Alpine House, provides excellent teams and drivers for all parties who wish to reach the Notch by this road. The price of seats in these extra teams is, we believe, but little more than the regular stage fares amount to from Gorham by the other route. *

It is to be regretted that there is not a regular line of stages by this route to the Notch; for the scenery along almost the whole line of the road is grander than by any other stage route among the mountains. It takes in the glorious spectacle from Randolph Hill, of which we have spoken. It commands every slope and summit of the Mt. Washington range from the north; and for some twelve miles of the way they are all in view at once, with no intervening hills to break the impression of their majesty. Such a view can be gained on no other road; and the forms of the mountains on the northerly slope are grander than on the southerly side. From the village of Jefferson, through which this Cherry Mountain road runs, not only is every one of the Great White Mountain group visible, but also the Franconia Mountains, the side of the Willey Mountain in the Notch, the line of the nearer Green Mountains beyond the Connecticut, — in fact, a panorama of

* See Addenda.

hills, to the north-west and north, almost as fine as the prospect in that direction from the summit of Mt. Washington. To see this picture would richly repay a drive from Gorham and return, if the traveller did not desire to pass on to the Notch. The noblest part of the view can be had, without leaving the wagon, from a hill in Jefferson, about seventeen miles from the Alpine House. At this point, and commanding a noble view of the whole White and Franconia range, is situated a well-conducted hotel, called the Waumbeck House, kept by B. H. PLAISTED. The charges here are very reasonable. It is a favorite place of resort for those who are desirous of obtaining pure mountain air. Starr King Mountain, in the rear of the house, is easily ascended. From the piazza of the hotel, with a glass, people on the summit of Mt. Washington can be distinctly seen. The distance from the hotel to the White Mountain Notch is seventeen miles; to the Profile House, by the way of Whitefield and Bethlehem, twenty-eight miles; to the Glen House by the road around the base of Madison, twenty miles; to Littleton, twenty miles. One should be sure to engage the carriage to go by the way of Jefferson, so as to obtain the fine view from the Waumbeck House.

Should one prefer to go to Franconia from the Alpine House, instead of riding over the Cherry Mountain road to the Notch, an arrangement can easily be made with Mr. Hitchcock. The road is the same with that just described, till it reaches a point a short distance beyond Jefferson, where it diverges into the valley

of the Israel River. Then, passing through the pleasant, cleanly, and thrifty town of Whitefield, it climbs the hills that rise to the plateau of Bethlehem. Leaving the Alpine House in the morning, the traveller can take his dinner and his noontide rest at the Waumbeck House, noticed above, in Jefferson, and then spend the hours of the long summer afternoon in the charming ride. Passing through Bethlehem an hour or two before dark, he can reach the Profile House early in the evening, where the weary but thoroughly delighted guest can find a hospitable welcome and abundant cheer.

The return ride from Franconia and the Notch to Gorham, by Cherry Mountain, is, in some respects, superior to the ride the other way. From Jefferson to Gorham, it is certainly more grand than when facing in the other direction.

For several miles we front the four highest mountains of the ridge, and seem to be riding into them, with no chance of a detour. How massive they appear as we draw nearer and nearer! The summits seem to be of about equal height, and instead of presenting thin and gullied sides, all their lines run outward towards us, and are firmly braced in the valley, as though they were immense forts, once upheaved and buttressed with granite ridges, to defend an army of a larger mould than our race against a siege. The Notch itself is hardly more majestic than this quadruple fortification, which glooms and darkens more and more upon the eye as we ride nearer to it, and which springs out of a wild forest as yet almost unvisited by man.

For several miles the vision lasts. Then Washington drops away from the company, and we are left with Jefferson, Adams, and Madison. Next, Jefferson withdraws, and we ride by the base of the remaining two. Soon their grand lines untwist, and their rocks seem, as it were, to be dishevelled, till we gain the summit of Randolph Hill, overlooking Gorham, and find that, by inexplicable magic, they have been transformed into superb symmetry again, and hide from the delighted eye every trace of those glorious compeers that had joined with them in threatening the valley of Randolph, a few miles behind.

This route can also be taken from the Glen House by a road passing across the Peabody River, along the base of Madison, and joining the road from Gorham just beyond Randolph Hill. An excellent excursion for one who desired to approach the Crawford House from the south, through the Notch, would be to spend a day in a trip from Gorham to the Waumbeck House, back as far as the road here alluded to, and thence to the Glen. The best view of the north side of the mountains would thus be obtained, and yet the advantage of the approach to the Crawford House up through the Notch not be lost.

Parties may feel reasonably sure that they can obtain excellent wagons and experienced drivers for this Cherry Mountain route, at any time, from Mr. Hitchcock of the Alpine House, in Gorham. And so many parties are sent in this way to the Notch, that travellers staying at the Crawford House can often find, on

inquiry, teams about to return to Gorham, that will enable them to view the magnificent scenery of the return ride.

The proprietor of the Alpine House is also prepared to furnish carriages and drivers to parties of any size for a tour of the mountains, as well as for a visit to the Notch.

And now let us turn to

The Glen.

This charming spot is situated eight miles, as we have said, from Gorham. The drive, taken as it usually is in the morning or evening, is one of great attraction. The ascent is gradual, with no long hills, and the road winds, for the greater part of the way, along the easterly bank of the Peabody River, which, always within hearing, is frequently within sight. Soon after leaving Gorham the burly form of Madison bursts upon the view, apparently barring all further progress, while the Moriah range towers up on the left. The changing mountain forms furnish a continual study. Washington and Adams come into view before reaching the Glen, and the carriage road is visible from the point where it emerges from the woods almost to the very summit. About two miles and a half from the Glen is a bridge over the Peabody River, which one must cross if he wishes to see

The Imp.

This name has been given to a peak of the Moriah

Mountain, from the marked resemblance which the summit, seen from a point near a farm house, about half a mile from the road, on the opposite side of the river, bears to a grotesque human countenance. The afternoon is the best time for the view. If your party command the team, you can make the view a pleasant accompaniment to the ride from Gorham to the Glen; or the visit can be made directly from the Glen House.

The Glen House

has been enlarged the past season, so that it is now one of the largest and grandest hotels of the White Mountain region. In fact, a new hotel, equal in size to the one that formerly occupied the spot, has been built and attached to the old house. The office and receiving hall occupy a spacious apartment between the old and the new. The parlor is a magnificent room, 100 by 50 feet, elegantly furnished. The dining room is a fine hall, in which all the 600 guests, which the hotel will now easily accommodate, may dine at once without trouble or inconvenience. From the balcony of the hotel may be had an uninterrupted view of the highest summits in New England, while the parties ascending and descending the rugged ledges of Mt. Washington may be watched by the aid of a glass. The whole front of the house, facing the mountains and the rushing Peabody River, contains rooms that are unusually attractive, while those on the other side are also favored with remarkable and pleasing mountain views.

This hotel, since the commencement, has been under

the charge of Mr. J. M. THOMPSON. How acceptably he has fulfilled his duty as proprietor and landlord is attested, better than any words of ours can describe, by the crowds that seek his hospitality in the hottest weeks of summer, from all parts of the country. He has been fairly driven, by the persistence of his guests to more than fill his house, to make the extensions which so admirably fit the house for its needs.

The American Telegraph Company, while under the charge of Colonel J. W. Robinson, superintendent of the Mountain division, has built lines over Mt. Washington, and connecting with Centre Harbor, Conway, Crawford House, and Profile House, has a station in the hotel. All the principal places in the mountains are now connected by telegraph, and are in direct communication with the large cities.

The Glen House stands on a plateau, 830 feet above the Gorham valley, and 1,632 feet above tide water at Portland, in the midst of a magnificent mountain bowl. Behind it bend the thin high ridges of Mt. Carter and its spurs, 3,000 feet in height, and green with unbroken forests to their crests. On the south-west, one sees the steep, bony braces of Mt. Washington, running off, one behind the other, into the Pinkham forests, and towards Jackson. Directly in front are the outworks and huge shoulder of Mt. Washington itself, and behind this heavy shoulder, on a retreating ridge, the pinnacle where the Summit House stands. Associated directly with Mt. Washington, and bending around to the north-west and north, are Mt. Clay, rising over the

huge "Gulf of Mexico;" the stout, square-shouldered Jefferson; and the symmetrical, sharp, and splendid pyramid of Adams, with its peak so pointed that it looks unscalable. This mountain is by far the grandest of all in shape and impressiveness. And next to this, with lines running eastward, is Mt. Madison, which completes the staff of Washington. Thus four of the highest summits of the White Hills are, as we have said, in full view, directly in front of the hotel in the Glen. The height of Mt. Washington is 6,285 feet; Mt. Clay, 5,400; Mt. Adams, 5,800; Mt. Madison, 5,361; Mt. Jefferson, 5,700.

No public house among the mountains is situated so near the Mt. Washington range as this. There are views of the mountains to be had at a little greater distance that will give more pleasure to the artistic sense; but no view of the chief White Mountain range can be had from a hotel that is comparable with this which the piazza of the Glen House offers.

The best time to approach it is in the clear afternoon of a summer day, when the shadows fall soft and rich in the gorges and over the rugged slopes of the chain. Then the mountains look higher, and their grandeur is tempered with a mystic beauty. There is perpetual charm, too, in watching the play of the vapors around the cliffs and in the ravines on a misty and showery day in August. Now they will wrap a long mountain wall in a cold, gray mantle, to the base. Now they will break along a ridge, and reveal the harsh sides of a chasm, or the ramparts of a ridge, hanging seemingly

in the clouds. Soon they will thin away below for a mile, and show the green foreground softened by a moist veil. Next they will knot themselves into thick rolls, and then stretch themselves slowly into thin and sleazy textures. Once in a while they will lift themselves nearly to the summit of a ridge, and try to plunge down again,—really tiring the eye that watches them

Sink by compulsion and laborious flight;—

and sometimes they will break entirely around one of the mountains, Adams perhaps, and show it piercing the gray sky, apparently doubled in height by being seen isolated from its brother hills.

In May and early June the view from the Glen House is very charming. For then huge patches of snow lie on the upper slopes of the range. But in October the spectacle is generally more fascinating than at any other season of the year. Especially when the traveller can see, as we once saw there, the summits stained with snow, rising over forests dyed in orange, brown, and crimson,—and delicate curtains of mists drooping from the sky, and swaying gently along the line of the crests,—will he be charmed with the scene.

Stages leave the Glen House every morning for the Notch, by the way of Jackson, and for North Conway and Conway. The distance to the Notch, as we have said, is thirty-six miles; to North Conway, twenty miles; to Conway, twenty-five miles. Stages run also to Gorham and the Alpine House, connecting with four trains on the Grand Trunk Railway. And from

each train, up and down, on that road, there is stage conveyance from Gorham to the Glen.

Of course the chief object of interest among the guests at the Glen House, after faithfully seeing the mountain view, is

The Ascent of Mount Washington.

More travellers ascend Mt. Washington now from the Glen House and the Alpine House, by the road from the Glen, than by any other route. The distance from the base of the mountain, in front of the Glen House, to the summit, is eight miles. The carriage road, a triumph of engineering skill, is now completed to the very summit, and furnishes the best road in the whole mountain region. It was commenced in 1855, by a chartered corporation, under the management of D. O. Macomber, and was finished as far as the Ledge, or four miles from the base, in 1856. In 1861 the road was finished to the summit and opened for travel. The average grade is twelve feet in one hundred, and the steepest grade in any part, which, strange to say, is about two miles and a half from the base, is sixteen feet in one hundred for a short distance. It is a thoroughly built road in every particular. The bridle-path formerly went up the mountain side in nearly a straight line, while the road winds around the ledge and up the mountain side, making nearly double the distance. But in no part is there any difficulty or danger in the ascent. No more discomfort is experienced than in the same amount of carriage riding upon any of the

mountain roads. The road was surveyed and laid out by Mr. Charles H. V. Cavis, Civil Engineer, who was the active Superintendent of the Carriage Road Company till 1857, when the work was suspended on account of financial embarrassments.

The tariff of tolls on the carriage road is as follows:

For every person on foot,	$0.32
" " " on horseback,	.80
" " " in carriages,	.80
" " sulky with one horse,	.64
" " carriage with 4 wheels for 2 persons,	.64
" " " with 2 horses and 4 wheels,	.96
" " " with 4 horses,	1.28

For every carriage of pleasure or otherwise, the like sums, according to the number of wheels and horses drawing the same.

Each person pays the toll for himself in addition to the price for his seat in the carriage, and the proprietor pays the carriage toll.

For the first four miles of the way the road winds among the trees of the forest, which cover the sides of all the mountains, permitting only occasional glimpses of the mountain world around. At what is called "The Ledge," the road emerges from the forest, and the glories of the ascent here begin. From this point the road winds along the very verge of the deep ravine between Washington, and Clay, and Jefferson, the upper end of which is called the Great Gulf. Leaving this, it passes to the easterly side of the mountain, overlooking the valley of the Peabody and Ellis Rivers,

and furnishing a most charming view of the far-famed Saco valley, with a distant sight of the Great Gulf. One here feels a decided sensation of being in the upper air. The wind sweeps almost unobstructed across the mountain, and below or above one may see carriages creeping along the path. The charm of the bridle-path from the White Mountain Notch to Mt. Washington lies in the passage over the tops of four lower summits of the ridge, each one a little higher than the last, and in the view thus given of ravines that sweep off each way from the horse path to the base of the range. From the Glen the ascent is made directly up Mt. Washington itself all the way. Down the great ravine already spoken of a most surprising view is offered of Jefferson, Adams, and Madison. They sweep up from the enormous gulfs at the right hand of the path, and are visible from base to crown.

There is no view, perhaps, so exciting as this, on the path we have just spoken of from the Crawford Notch. Many will think that this spectacle, which grows grander and grander as they rise, is more inspiring than the prospect from the peak above. One learns, in looking at those great forms, the decided difference there is in genus between a mountain and a hill. The eye is fascinated by the colors of these rugged monarchs — the varied verdure of their lower forests, their tawny shoulders, the purple and gray of their bare ledges, the dim green of their peaks. One will notice, also, the charming lines which the torrents have torn upon their surfaces; for when we look across a

gulf, or from a little distance below, upon a steep mountain, we find that it is the wrath of the freshets that gives them their finest lines of expression and character. And if the day is blessed with clouds that drift over the mountains, the eye will find unspeakable pleasure in watching the shadows that will droop swiftly from cone to base, and in following the incessant flushes and frolics of light and shade that robe them with ever-changing charm.

But to appreciate the beauty and majesty of these mountains that are in view from the Glen House and Gorham path, one should see them late on a bright summer afternoon, either in ascending or descending Mt. Washington. Then the sun is behind them, sinking in the west. Then the richest contrasts of color, of light, and of shadow are revealed. The summit and shoulders of Mt. Jefferson glow with rich orange hues. The slanting light streams between the peaks and burnishes the sides of their ragged pyramids. The "Gulf of Mexico" gapes with more terror as the shadows from its walls, that measure more than a thousand feet, fall far into its base. And as the sun falls nearer and nearer the horizon, the sharp shadows of Mt. Adams and of the neighboring peaks stream down upon the Glen House valley, and march up the opposite slopes of Carter, to dislodge its yellow light that melts into purple, and to cover them with dusk. The noon time is the poorest of all seasons to be on the ridge of Mt. Washington; for then there are no shadows. And it is a pity that the great majority of

those who ascend the range see the scenery during the most unpoetic hours, near midday.

From the summit of "The Ledge," where the view of the three great mountains we have been speaking of is first gained, the path rises over a series of receding plateaus. Each seems to be the summit, as one looks from below. It is on account of this structure of the cone of Mt. Washington, that it fails to show its real height until one gets far enough off from it in the valleys to escape the effect of foreshortening.

During the last part of the ascent one will see the pile of stones that marks the spot where Miss Bourne, of Kennebunk, Me., died, near midnight, in September, 1855, and where her uncle and cousin kept sad watch till dawn. They started in the afternoon, without a guide, to walk to the summit. Night and fog overtook them, and the young lady perished in the chill and darkness among the rocks, but a few rods from the house they were in search of. Quite near, also, is the shelving rock, beneath which the remains of an elderly gentleman from Wilmington, Del., were found in July, 1857. He had attempted to ascend the mountain alone, one afternoon in August of the year before, and must have been overtaken by storm, and cold, and darkness, near the summit. His watch, and some bank bills in his vest pocket, were found uninjured; though most of the body, and even part of the skeleton, were gone. A little further below, and at the left of the ascending path, the ledge is visible where Dr. Benjamin Ball, of Boston, passed two nights in the

snow and sleet of an October storm, alone, without food or covering. He was rescued when nature was about sinking. His feet were frozen, and he could not speak. How his life was preserved in such exposure is a marvel. It is equally remarkable that, though his feet were severely frozen, they were saved.

Since the completion of the carriage road to the summit, however, there seems to be no possibility of any such accident. In the fall of 1862, soon after the first snow, Mr. Thorn, the clerk at the Summit House, made the ascent in a sleigh. A winter visit to the top of Mt. Washington would hardly come within the purposes or desires of the pleasure tourist. Yet at present it can be safely and even agreeably made in the early part of the season. A sleighing party to the Summit is by no means without its pleasures, to those adventurous enough to engage in it. Before the completion of the carriage road such an excursion was attended with great difficulty and danger. Still the difficulties and dangers have been overcome. Mr. Osgood, of Lancaster, with a small party of friends, visited the Summit on the 7th of December, 1858, for the purpose of serving a legal process upon the house and other property there. What he saw and did is thus described in the Coös Republican: "Arrived at the Summit, the view is represented as having been sublime beyond the power of description, Mr. Osgood averring that in his many trips on the mountain he never beheld so extended and yet grand and terrific a view as burst upon them on that lonely height. Measures were immedi-

ately taken to enter the houses, which, as they were covered with snow, was a labor of time. Unable to obtain ingress at the doors, they forced their way in through the windows, on which the frost had formed *a foot and one half in thickness.* The walls and all the furniture were draped with some four inches of frost, and the air was biting in the extreme. It was like a tomb, and a lamp was necessary in this snow cavern to enable the party to distinguish the surrounding objects. As delay was dangerous in the extreme, and having perfected their legal duty, the two prepared to return. Upon emerging from the houses they beheld to the south-west a cloud, rapidly increasing in volume, and rolling on towards them. When first seen it was small in magnitude, but it increased in size with alarming velocity, soon spreading over the entire south. They knew it was a frost cloud, and that to be caught in its folds would probably be fatal, and they hastened to avoid it. They had just entered the woods, at the base of the ledge, when it came upon them. So icy and penetrating was its breath, that to have encountered its blinding, freezing power on the unprotected height, would have been to have perished with it as a pall to cover them. The party reached the Glen in safety, and were heartily welcomed by their friends, who, well knowing the danger attending this never before accomplished feat, awaited them with much anxiety."

Now let us ascend the last part of the steep cone, and stand upon the Summit. The time used in making the journey from the base in the Glen to the peak is gen-

erally about three hours. It is often done in two hours and a half, and has been accomplished in less than two hours. What a stupendous view! A horizon of nearly six hundred miles bounds the prospect! The mountain peaks stand on every side as sentinels over the furrowed valleys of New England!

If the day is clear, one can see Monadnock loom, as a pale blue film, a hundred miles off on the south-west. Far in the east Katahdin is driven like a wedge into the sky. Westward the eye roams almost to the Catskills; northward into Canada, far beyond the sources of the Connecticut; southward, to the mouth of the Saco. In a clear morning or evening, if there is a silvery gleam on the south-eastern horizon, it tells that the sun is shining on the sea off Portland.

Nearer to us on the west towers the gloomy ridge of Franconia, subsiding towards the Merrimack. That flash now and then through the opaline southern air is from Winnipesaukee, the most exquisite jewel in the necklace of New England. On the near north the twin-domed Stratford mountains tower. Their barren pallor, seen through the uncertain air, counterfeits snow. The cloven Pinkham Pass lies directly beneath us, bending around to lovely North Conway. Over this last village we observe the drooping shoulders of Kearsarge, whose northern sides flow from the summit as softly as full folds of drapery fall from a ring. Mt. Crawford attracts attention by his singular knob-like crest; and near him, all the winding Bartlett hills stand up, guarding the shy beauty of the intervales. The long and solid "Pleasant Mountain" draws the

eye, set so squarely near the still silver of Lovewell's Pond. And farther south the dim, level, leopard-spotted land stretches wide to the horizon haze.

Of course it is unwise to attempt to describe such a view. It is the map of New England printed before us in glowing poetry. Those who look upon the sublime diorama for the first time, under favorable circumstances, are so oppressed by the novelty and grandeur, that they do not appreciate what they have seen till some days afterwards. Then it rises in memory, and becomes a perpetual treasure for "the mind's eye." No one should fail to make the ascent, if health is good. There is no danger worth calculating, and the fatigue that may be incurred is nothing to the spectacle that is offered. Especially are the temptations to ascend greater now to ladies and partial invalids, since such admirable accommodation is found in the little hotel on the Summit.

There have been, and are still, we believe, serious disputes about the title to the acre or two of chippy rock that make the crown of Mt. Washington. There have even been rival hotels on its apex, the "TIP TOP HOUSE," and the "SUMMIT HOUSE." Both the houses have been united now under one management. They are kept by Mr. J. R. Hitchcock, landlord of the Alpine House, aided by Mr. Thorn, and Mr. Spalding, who has been connected with the Summit House from the beginning; and every thing that can be done on such a height, 6,300 feet above the sea, for the comfort of guests, will be faithfully attended to by them.

When we think what a labor it has been to carry all provisions to such an elevation, and that even fuel must be taken up from the forests far below, we cannot fail to admire the forethought and energy that have kept the Summit House so well. Good coffee and tea, with milk, fresh eggs, new and well-made bread, generally fresh meats, as well as excellent ham, and often trout, are found on the plentifully provided table. Those who ascended Mt. Washington before there was any shelter on the peak from gale or shower, or driving scud, or snow-squall, that often awaited or overtook them, will know how those are favored now who find good protection, fire, and a hot dinner ready on the top. Sheets of paper and envelopes, each with an engraving of the Mountain House and Summit, are on sale there. Letters written there to friends are mailed to all parts of the country by the proprietors of the hotel. They drop the summer out of their calendar, and make their home for days above human fellowship, amid lightning and thunder, blinding fogs and sweeping sleet, to offer such service to travellers.

It is frequently the case that persons pass up from the Glen to the Summit, and either walk or ride down on the other side to the Notch, and *vice versa*. In this way a day's time, and a stage ride of over thirty miles, are saved. A great many, too, remain over night on the Summit. Unless the weather has long been stormy, or very damp, one can sleep in comfort and safety in the Summit House. A night there, in which one can see a clear sunset, a moonrise, and a

sunrise, is a privilege that is well worth the attempt to gain. One appreciates the height of Mt. Washington more by looking up in the night to the mighty dome of stars, than by looking off and below in the day. Or, if the night is wild and stormy, the feeling one gains there of the tremendous forces amid which we are placed on this globe, will more than atone for any uneasiness or discomfort. Arrangements for the accommodation of guests at the Summit are now almost as complete as at any of the hotels below. What little discomfort there may be, is more than neutralized by the magnificence of the views and the novelty of the experience. We advise all who can, to remain over night on Mt. Washington.

If the night be clear, the gratification which one receives is unequalled by any experience of mountain travelling. The sunset is magnificent beyond description. The light is gradually softened during the afternoon, when the most exquisite views are obtained of all the surrounding country. As the sun slowly sinks in the west, the shadows of the mountains enlarge in proportions, and extend far and wide. The great pyramidal shadow of the Summit travels along the eastern landscape, gradually darkening green fields, pleasant lakes, winding rivers, and the snug hamlets that line their shores, till, reaching the horizon, the apex actually seems to lift itself into the haze. The line of ocean is now distinctly visible. The western mountains are glowing with golden light. The sun goes down in a blaze of glory. Then as the shadows deepen, the mists

begin to collect on the surface of every lake, and pond, and brook, till it seems as though each little sheet of water was blanketed and tucked in beneath its own coverlet of cloud, to spend the night in undisturbed repose. Soon the Great Gulf, the deep ravines on either side, are filled with vapor, which, accumulating every moment, come reaching up the slopes of the mountains, till all the hollows are full clear to the brim. Then the surrounding summits peer out, lifting their heads above the dense masses. It seems as though one could walk across to Clay, Jefferson, Adams, and Madison upon this broad platform of mist. Should this phenomenon occur before sunset, as sometimes it does, the effect is indescribably beautiful and grand, as though bridges of burnished gold had been thrown across the deep chasms from mountain top to mountain top. Through the long twilight these magical and shifting scenes continue, till the hour of retiring comes, and the comfortable beds of the hotel invite repose. At early dawn the traveller is aroused to witness the reverse of the picture which he saw upon the previous evening. The sun comes up from the sea, the great pyramid of shadow beginning in the west gradually contracts, the little cloud blankets rise from the lakes and float away into the upper air, and the sun, "as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber," clothed in light, "rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race." After such an experience, one can go down into the plain below, better and wiser for his visit among the clouds.

But it is time to turn from the hospitality of the Summit House, and descend, through the exciting views that lie around Mt. Washington, to the Glen House once more. We have not spoken of other attractions that belong to its neighborhood. One of these is a ride to "THE IMP," which we have already described. On the way there one should not fail to visit the

GARNET POOLS.

This series of basins in the Peabody River is situated near the Gorham road, a few steps from the stable of Mr. Hitchcock, about half a mile from the hotel. Following the path by the bridge to the bank of the Peabody River, you will find the rocks of the river bed for some little distance curiously and delicately hollowed out and polished by the action of the water. In this, as in many other similar places in the mountain region, one is naturally curious to know how long these rocks have been subjected to such influence. A year's action makes no visible impression upon the solid granite, and yet, in many places, the rocks are worn away for fifteen or twenty feet. Garnet Pools is a tempting place for one interested in the studies of rock sculpture.

The most pleasurable excursions, however, are to be made on the road to North Conway and the Notch. We would first call attention to

THOMPSON'S FALLS.

This picturesque series of falls is to be found on the

"Nineteen Mile Brook," about two miles from the hotel, on the road to North Conway. A guide-board informs you of the point at which you turn to the left and follow a path about a quarter of a mile into the woods. The brook is a tributary to the Peabody, and is usually well filled with water. These falls cannot compare in volume to the falls on the Ellis River, nor rival in the height of precipitous leap the cascade in the Notch. But for a series of delightful cascades and water-slides, and as furnishing a ramble of an hour or two among delicious bits of wild and romantic views, they may be truly called unequalled. You may follow up the brook for half a mile, without reaching the last of the series. If there were no other attractions, one would always be amply compensated for the toil of the ascent by the view that is gained of Mt. Washington and Tuckerman's Ravine. From no other point so easily accessible is so magnificent a picture of this mountain scenery presented.

The Emerald Pool

is so well worth visiting that a better path should be cut to it from the road. It is situated at a very short distance from the road, just before reaching the Thompson Falls.

The water of the river, after tossing and tumbling among the rocks, here flows into this quiet basin, and after reposing long enough to mirror the surrounding scenery, once more emerges, to recommence its toilsome journey. This pool is especially attractive for the quiet

and seclusion produced by the repose of the water, and the grace and coolness of the overhanging foliage.

Let us attend next to

The Glen Ellis Fall.

This cataract is one of the interesting features of the wild scenery in the neighborhood of the Glen House. Carriages run regularly from the hotel to carry visitors.

The fall is about four miles from the Glen House, near the road to North Conway and the Notch. It is very easy of access from the point where you leave the wagon, though it requires nearly half an hour, with ladies, to reach it. Five minutes' walk through the forest takes one within hearing of the rich roar that announces the nearness of the cataract. A critical ear could construct the form and grandeur of the fall from its voice. Its bass quality, not broad and massive, but youthful, vigorous, and intense, and the slight splashiness that borders and thins its baritone, foretell that we are to come upon a narrow cataract, leaping from a great height, with concentrated stream, into a shallow basin. But the sound does not prepare a stranger for the startling view upon which the forest path suddenly opens. From the carriage road, the foot track is nearly level, leading to a tree that overhangs a precipice of more than a hundred feet. We lean against this tree for support, not without misgivings as to its roots, and look down upon a huge wall of rock, over which the Ellis River, stranding the streams of its various brooks into a huge liquid cable, whose constant friction has

worn a deep groove in the granite, slides at a very sharp angle for some twenty feet, and then leaps, as from the nose of a gigantic pitcher, sixty feet more. The public (as well as the cascade) are indebted to Mr. SHEPLEY, of Portland, for changing its name from "Pitcher Fall," which was first given to it, to the more appropriate title of

GLEN ELLIS FALL.

This view, as well as that of Crystal Cascade, is engraved from a photograph taken by Bierstadt Bros.

To discover the most romantic and charming combinations in mountain scenery, one must explore the larger streams on their way to the open valleys. The Naiads know how to turn their course through the most picturesque passes, under the richest arches of forest boughs, and down the most bewitching dells. This is one of the glorious perquisites of the devoted trout-fisher, that his profession (for it is really one of the fine arts), leads him along the by-ways of beauty that are hidden from the eyes of ease-loving travellers, and up through winding cascade-aisles to many an adytum of forest wildness or mountain grandeur. Probably some trout-fisher was the discoverer of Glen Ellis Fall, which has been known only a few years. The first sight of it must have given a most impressive joy to the explorer if he were a man of taste.

The spot where it pours is more wild, and combines more of the elements of loneliness, untamableness, lawless beauty, and strong contrasts of features, than any other spot in the White Mountain region. The overhanging tree, against which the visitor leans to look down at the water-fall, giving him a footing that undermines his delight with a sense of insecurity and fear; the steep mountain wall opposite, more than three thousand feet high, and thick set to the top with trees; the hard granite rampart over which the compact white stream slips, and then spouts into the basin

below, and the smoothly carved groove, telling of the ages that have been exhausted in that merry rasping of the rock by the water-drops; the loveliness of the basin itself, when one goes down to it, and contrasts its green, placid surface with the leaping crystal column that pours into it from eighty feet above, — these, and the cheerful tripping of the stream on its way again in search of new adventures, after its mad plunge, combine to make a mountain retreat, whose wildness and music Scott would have delighted to enshrine in his vigorous verse, and which no visitor of Gorham and the Glen House should leave unvisited. Trenton has not any one scene, or any one cascade, so striking. It has always seemed to me, on a smaller scale, more like the scenery at the Natural Bridge in Virginia, than any other district of the White Mountains.

About an hour is required to reach Glen Ellis Fall from the Glen House. Visitors need another hour at the spot. Generally the visitor is too hurried. Twice the time that can be given is generally found to be needed.

We must next visit another waterfall, which is one of the most delightful resources of a visit at the Glen House. The

Crystal Cascade

is gained from an entrance in the woods about a mile from the Glen Ellis Fall, on the way back to the Glen House, from which it is only three miles distant. It pours down from heights opposite to those which feed

the Ellis river. Its descent is about eighty feet. Part of its water comes from the dome of Mt. Washington, through Tuckerman's Ravine. It takes twenty or thirty minutes of forest walking and climbing to reach the Crystal Cascade. The true point to see it is not the immediate foot of the fall, although most persons go there, but a high bank opposite, that overhangs the aged granite, and has plenty of the softest seats cushioned with moss a foot or more in depth. If it is wilderness, and the spirit of strong, bounding, unruly life that fascinates in the spot we have just left, here it is delicate and exquisite beauty.

At Glen Ellis the whole stream pitches in one concentrated tide; here, every pint of water is spread with charming economy to the utmost service. Some seventy feet above, we can see the brook pouring in a single stream around the bend. Then the rock broadens into a rough stairway, with easy slope, which grows wider and wider to the bottom, and down these steps the spreading water sheds its white, thin, dancing and broken sheet, showing, now and then, through its gauzy texture, the deep green mosses clinging to the rocks which soften its own fall, and make its cool music more gentle and luscious to the ear.

A friend of ours once compared it, quite happily, to an inverted liquid plume — the rill above, where the water is one stream, being the stem, and the widening, fleecy flow its nodding, graceful, feathery spray. As to the form of the cascade, nothing can be finer than the simile. But the delicate texture and color of

the descending rill suggest laces, and frills, and foam-embroidery. It is as though fairy milliners had set their wits to work to weave a ruffled bosom for the rocky breast of Mt. Washington, out of the snow-flax that falls in winter around his head.

CRYSTAL CASCADE.

There is a youthful and masculine energy in the Glen Ellis Fall. The Crystal Cascade shows rather a

feminine, maidenly delicacy and grace. There are always two parties among those who visit these falls, some contending for the superiority of the first, others for the greater charm of the last. If the reader visits both, no doubt he will adopt our opinion, that neither can be spared, and that they are so different as to repel comparison. A long forenoon or afternoon should be taken to make the excursion to both spots.

We come now to speak of

Tuckerman's Ravine,

whose walls are visible from the Glen House. This ravine is a tremendous gulf, in the southerly side of Mt. Washington. It was named in honor of Edward Tuckerman, Esq., who has been a faithful explorer of the White Mountains. He often visited the ravine, before the tide of travel turned to the eastern side of the mountains, to complete his knowledge of the lichens and flora of the region.

The hard, bare, thin, and curling edge of the southwestern wall of this ravine, as seen from the Glen House, is one of the most striking mountain lines visible from that fascinating spot. The gulf may be reached by climbing directly up the stream of the Crystal Cascade just spoken of. That stream flows through the centre of the sloping base of the ravine.

But the easier way is to follow the carriage road, for about two miles, up Mt. Washington; strike off to the left into a forest-path, cut by direction of Mr. Thompson, of the Glen House, and cross two and a

half miles of forest, that lie between the carriage road and "Hermit Lake." The more common way now, however, is to descend into the ravine from or near the summit. The Thompson path is not kept so free from obstructions, since the greater number of travellers prefer to descend into the ravine from the Summit.

The little sheet of water, called Hermit Lake, so snugly embowered in the wilderness, would attract more attention, were it not for the frowning wall of the ravine that looms over it, and draws the eye upwards. It lies under the south-east ridge. Emerging from the woods here, we see that the ravine is of horse-shoe shape — the opposite outer cliff more than a thousand feet in height, the bottom sloping upwards towards the backward crescent wall, and the rim quite level. Explorers must climb along the centre of the gulf, by the bed of a stream, pausing every minute to gaze at the grim ramparts on either hand, and to invent, possibly, some new exclamation of amazement and awe. Facing the party, as they make their way slowly upward, will be the grand curve of the sheer precipice that lies some way off, and up under the summit of Mt. Washington. It is symmetrical, seemingly, as the wall of the Coliseum.

The sight of that stupendous amphitheatre of stone, when one gets near enough to appreciate it, would of itself repay and overpay the labor of the climb. It is fitly called the "Mountain Coliseum." No other word expresses it, and that comes spontaneously to the lips. The eye needs some hours of gazing and comparative

measurement to fit itself for an appreciation of its scale and sublimity.

One can hardly believe, while standing there, that the sheer concave sweep of the back wall of the ravine was the work of an earthquake throe. It seems as though Titanic geometry and trowels must have come in to perfect a primitive volcanic sketch. One might easily fancy it the Stonehenge of a pre-Adamite race, — the unroofed ruins of a temple, reared by ancient Anaks long before the birth of man, for which the dome of Mt. Washington was piled as the western tower.

There have been land slides and rock avalanches as terrible in that ravine as at Dixville Notch. The teeth of the frosts have been as pitiless, the desolation of the cliffs is as complete, but the spirit of the place is not so gloomy as at Dixville. It is sublime rather than awful or dispiriting. At Dixville, all is decay, wreck, the hopeless submission of matter in the coil of its hungry foes. In Tuckerman's Ravine there is a grand battle of granite against storm and frost, — a Roman resistance, as though it could hold out for ages yet, before the siege of winter and all the batteries of the air.

Unless the season is very dry, the back wall of this Mountain Coliseum will glitter with innumerable veins of water, which are called "The Thousand Streams." When one has reached the base of this curving precipice, it is not a very difficult task to climb to the summit of Mt. Washington. Parties have sometimes done so, passed the night there, and returned to the Glen

House the next day. Many also have visited the ravine by descending into it, with a guide, from the top of Mt. Washington. The distance from the summit of the mountain to the bottom of the gulf is about a mile.

A visit to Tuckerman's Ravine, in August, will be the more interesting if "The Snow Arch" is formed there. Nearly every year this beautiful spectacle is to be seen. The snow is blown over from the summit of Mt. Washington by the north-west winds, in winter, and is packed in drifts of a hundred feet deep, under the walls of "The Coliseum." The streams of early spring and summer channel the snow bank, and it gradually melts from the roof within, till a vast snow cave is formed, through which a person may walk. In August, 1855, the snow field measured about 300 feet long, 70 in breadth, and 15 in depth. The roof of the part that was channelled was some five feet thick, and very solid. A hatchet was necessary to cut it. The top of the span was about ten feet high inside. The whole roof was wrought into beautiful scallops and chasings by the melting and dropping of the snow within. The bank does not disappear till the last of August. The dog-day fogs penetrate and dissolve it. Thus we narrowly escape having a glacier formed near the top of Mt. Washington.

Glen House to the Crawford House.

Having now passed a few days, or, still better, a few weeks amidst the wondrous scenery around the Glen House, we leave, with reluctance, this pleasant

hotel, and its hospitable host, and continue our journey to the Crawford House, at the Great Notch.

This trip is made in stages, the route lying at first in a southerly direction through Pinkham Notch, then westerly along the south-eastern flank of the mountains, and finally at the Great Notch, passing directly through to the northern side. The distance is 34 miles.

The same point may also be reached from the Glen House by the new line along the north-western side of the White Hills, and over Cherry Mountain. By this route you lose the sublime impression always experienced on approaching the Notch from the south, but gain the enchanting view from Jefferson. If, however, you intend proceeding from the Crawford House to Franconia, the Cherry Mountain route must be partially retraced, so that more variety is gained by selecting, for the present trip, the route through Pinkham Notch.

The stages start as soon after breakfast as the passengers can conveniently be ready. There are generally at least two vehicles, a stage-coach and an open mountain-wagon. If you wish to enjoy an unobstructed view of the noble scenery on the route, and do not mind a shower, such as often in summer comes on very suddenly among these hills, you will not hesitate to adopt the latter airy mode of conveyance. The road lies directly down the little descent towards the south. On the right, the carriage road to Mt. Washington turns off, and, crossing the rustic bridge over the Peabody River, is soon lost among the trees. The forests,—

with the long festoons of gray moss hanging from the trees, relieved by the soft green moss at their feet, and variegated by the mountain boxberry, the violet-striped orcalis, the linnæa borealis, and the orebis, — now close in on each side; the open space of Bellows' clearing, which we left, is no longer visible, and we can catch only occasional glimpses through the foliage of the overhanging cliffs of Carter Mountain on the left, and of the lofty hills beyond the river on the right. We are fairly within the portals of Pinkham Notch, and the silence and solitude are relieved only by the tinkling, and bubbling, and rushing of the Peabody River, as the road follows closely its rocky bed. Here and there are quiet pools much frequented in the warm season by the lover of trouting.

About two or three miles from the Glen House the road crosses the river twice in quick succession, and reaches the highest point of the Notch. Here the Peabody River and the Ellis issue in nearly parallel courses from the forest on the right, so near to each other that a slight amount of labor would turn either stream into the other. Indeed, a part of the water that descends at the Crystal Cascade seeks the ocean by the Peabody River, and a part flows into the Saco by the Ellis. As soon as they have passed under the road, the Peabody turns abruptly down the ravine to the north to unite with the Androscoggin, while the Ellis takes an opposite course down the Notch towards the Saco.

Between the two streams, on the right, is the entrance to the Crystal Cascade, already spoken of, distant from the road only about a third of a mile.

After leaving the entrance to this cascade we cross the Ellis River, and soon pass the Mineral Spring House, an unfinished and uninhabited cottage in the edge of the forest on the right. This house, the only shelter for seven miles, was located here on account of the supposed medicinal character of the spring near by; but the project has been abandoned, and the building seems going to ruin.

Proceeding a little farther, we reach the entrance to the Glen Ellis Falls on the left. This cascade is nearer the road than the other, and is approached by an easy path of plank.

The Foot of Pinkham Notch.

Passing down the Notch for two or three miles, the country opens again, and cleared fields on the intervals of the Ellis River take the place of unsubdued forests. Near this point a glance towards the north-west is rewarded by a fine view of a monster bowlder, apparently rolling down a south-eastern spur of Mt. Washington. The first house is soon reached, and we seek to catch a sight of the inhabitants, whose nearest neighbors on the north are seven miles away. The house is quite large, and is considerably visited by artists and others, who delight in the wildness of the surrounding scenery, and the substantial mountain fare.

To this vicinity Capt. Joseph Pinkham, and four other hardy pioneers, removed in April, 1790, from Madbury, in the lower part of the State. The Pinkham family came up over the snow, which lay five feet

deep, and brought all their household goods from Conway on a hand-sled. They found their log cabin, which had been erected during the previous autumn, almost buried in the snow. One of the sons of the family, Mr. Daniel Pinkham, constructed the Notch road, and gave to it his name.

JACKSON.

A few miles more, through a widening valley, brings us to a sudden turn, which discloses the white spire of the church in "Jackson City." We greet this token of returning civilization with something of the enthusiasm which a sailor feels on reaching land after a long voyage. It belongs to a Free Will Baptist society, founded in this quiet valley as early as 1803. You should not omit, near this point, to look back at the dark gorges, which open miles away towards Mt. Washington. A little distance on is a quiet but pleasant hotel, called the Jackson Falls Hotel, kept by J. B. TRICKEY. This hotel is within three minutes' walk of the Jackson Falls. The horses are changed here, and passengers for Conway and Winnipesaukee take another carriage. Passengers on the return route from the Crawford House to the Glen House dine here. Here may almost always be seen a few artists, and other guests, attracted by the delightful scenery and the rural comfort of the hotel. In this vicinity is some of the best trout fishing to be found among the mountains, and those who are fond of the piscatorial art cannot do better than make this hotel their headquarters for a

short time. Just at the north-west of the house is a romantic cascade on the Wild Cat Brook, a tributary of the Ellis River. While the horses are changing you will have time enough to visit these falls, and will be amply compensated for the trouble, if there be the usual quantity of water leaping from rock to rock.

From the portico of the hotel there is gained a fine view of the surrounding mountains. Facing the south you see Iron Mountain, rising to the height of 2,900 feet on the right, and the bald peak of Tin Mountain on the left. Soon after leaving the hotel the two noble peaks of Doublehead come into view in the north-east. The nearer peak is 3,000 feet high, and the farther a hundred feet higher. Jackson has vast mineral resources, possessing, besides many less important metals, iron, copper, and tin. The last was discovered here before it had been found in any other part of the United States. This town was first named New Madbury, then Adams, in honor of the great statesman, and finally received its present name when Adams and Jackson were competitors for the presidency, — all its voters but one being in favor of the latter.

Between this place and Goodrich Falls, the large and heavily wooded hills lie wide from the road, and bend around the pastures like the walls of huge coliseums. Here and there a glimpse is caught of the hard summits of the Washington range, which have been hidden for several miles by the nearer ridges, when suddenly a view of them opens by a sharp turn in the road, which, for grandeur, surpasses any aspect they

present from other points. Artists prefer this point to any others that are accessible for studies of the massiveness and sublimity of the imperial ridge.

On leaving Jackson, one should not fail to be on the alert for a view of

Goodrich Falls.

A mile below Jackson, just before crossing the new trestle bridge over the Ellis River, you can obtain a fine view of Goodrich Falls. Leaving the road a little above the bridge, and proceeding a few rods to the right, you come to an old bridge in front of the cataract, from which a good view can be obtained. This is the largest perpendicular fall to be seen among the mountains, and after heavy rains appears quite grand. At any time the view down the river between the steep wooded banks is exceedingly picturesque. A short scramble on the opposite side of the river will be amply rewarded by the nearer view of the falls which is thereby gained. The drivers on all the mountain routes are very kind and accommodating, and will readily allow time for the ramble. Indeed, we may here say that generally—for stage drivers are human, and will not always wait—the tourist will find them ready to stay as long as he may desire to obtain views of the fine scenery in any part of the route. In this vicinity the traveller first notices that pleasant element of mountain scenery, the little girls standing by the road-side with tiny birch baskets filled with berries for sale. Buy some raspberries, or some blueberries, and

you will make many a little heart glad, as well as secure the neat baskets as souvenirs of your trip.

Valley of the Saco.

Soon after leaving Goodrich Falls we reach the Saco valley, and crossing the Ellis River, the Rocky Branch, and the Saco, in quick succession, turn abruptly towards the west. For the remainder of the distance to the Crawford House we are passing over the same road as those who came up from Centre Harbor and Conway.

The Rocky Branch, which here joins the Saco, at the time of the Willey slide rose so rapidly as to surround a log cabin on its banks before the inmates could make their escape. They soon found themselves floating down the swollen stream, but were at last landed in safety on the summit of a little hill.

As we proceed up the Saco, the beautiful level intervals, on each side of the stream, are worthy of our attention, as well as the hills, which rise boldly on each side at no great distance from the river. Before us, a little to the left, are the three peaks of Tremont Mountain, about 3,500 feet in height, and directly behind, for a long distance, we can see the noble pyramidal form of Kearsarge, sometimes called Pequawket. On its summit, at the height of 3,400 feet, is distinctly seen the large hotel, erected some years ago for the accommodation of visitors. It is now unfortunately uninhabited and in ruins. The solitariness of Kearsarge gives it a lonely dignity scarcely equalled by any other mountain in the region.

The part of the Saco valley through which we are now passing forms the town of Bartlett. It is nearly coincident with a tract of land granted to Capt. William Stark and Vere Royce, as a reward for services performed in Canada during the French and Indian war, and was settled about 1770. There is no compact village in the town, but the houses are scattered at considerable intervals along the valley. At one of these, which looks like a farm-house, but is a tavern, — Upper Bartlett House, kept by N. F. Stillings, — you will stop for dinner, and will not find the well-spread table unwelcome after your long ride. It is customary for every guest to register his name in the record-book in the hotel parlor, and as this is the great high road to the mountains, you will be interested in observing the names of many friends who have preceded you on this journey.

After proceeding a short distance from the Half-way House, which we have just left, we pass a high rock, close to the road, on the left hand, called

SAWYER'S ROCK,

and famous for its association with the discovery of the Great Notch. The story is narrated by Mr. Willey, in his well known White Mountain Incidents. In early periods the land on the north side of the mountains was almost valueless on account of the long circuit which must be made to reach it. It is supposed that the Indians had been acquainted with the pass, now called the Notch, and had taken their prisoners

through it to Canada; but it was still unknown to the white inhabitants, until about 1771 a solitary hunter, named Nash, happened to climb a tree on Cherry Mountain to look for game. Casting his eye towards the south-east he thought he perceived an opening through the mountains. Making his way in that direction, he arrived at last at the narrow opening called the Gate of the Notch, and passing through the gorge he proceeded to Portsmouth, and announced the long wished-for discovery to Gov. Wentworth. Hunters had before scaled the mountains on foot, so the governor determined to test the feasibility of the pass, by promising Nash a large tract of land on the north side of the mountains,—since known as Nash and Sawyer's Location,—if he would get a horse through and bring him to Portsmouth. This was by no means an easy task; but by the aid of Sawyer, a fellow-hunter, he succeeded in bringing the horse through, sometimes drawing him up high precipices with ropes, and then letting him down on the other side. When they let him down the last rock on the southern side, Sawyer drained the rum from his bottle, and, dashing it on the rock, exclaimed, "This shall hereafter be called Sawyer's Rock!"—and so it is.

A little beyond this point the road turns to the north, as it follows the great bend of the Saco round Hart's Ledge on the opposite side of the valley, and soon crosses a small stream, called Sawyer's River. At the source of this brook, three or four miles to the west, is Beamis Pond, a small sheet of water, often resorted to for trouting by the guests of the Mt. Crawford House.

Nancy's Brook and Bridge.

The forests and the mountains now begin to close in, as if to prepare the traveller for the contracted atmosphere of the Notch, and a little brook comes leaping down the mountain side with a winning air of wild freedom. This is Nancy's Brook, and the rustic structure thrown across it is Nancy's Bridge. The ravine, over which this bridge is thrown, is about 200 feet long, 20 feet wide, and 35 feet deep, and seems to have been chiselled from the solid granite. Mr. Oakes, in his White Mountain Scenery, says that this ravine is a beautiful specimen of the trap dike of geologists. The granite crust of the earth has been lifted and cracked, and into the fissure thus formed the hot liquid matter has been injected from below, cooling afterwards into trap rock. In the course of time the trap rock falls to pieces, and is carried away by the force of water, leaving the perpendicular walls of granite on each side standing, with an empty space between them. It was near this spot that a disconsolate maiden perished with fatigue and cold, when she had walked all the way from Jefferson, through the snow and darkness, in pursuit of her recreant lover. She was found stiff and cold, sitting at the foot of a tree near the bank of this brook. The incident has already afforded material for the pen of the novelist, and the skill of the pencil has been repeatedly employed in portraying the picturesque beauty of Nancy's Bridge, and its setting of wild rocks, and trees, and bubbling cascades. The best view is to

be obtained at a little distance down the stream. A saw-mill, unfortunately, covers the upper half of the charming scene.

Half a mile beyond this bridge we come to the building formerly called the MT. CRAWFORD HOUSE. This hotel was in past years a favorite place of resort for the sportsman and the quiet-loving traveller, and one of the principal public houses of the region, but of late years it has been closed. The situation is a delightful one, and it is hoped that the house will again open its doors to visitors. There is a path from this point to Mt. Washington, styled the Davis Road, which is longer than the others, but inferior to none in romantic interest. We are now in the midst of Hart's Location, which borders the Notch on the southern side, while Nash and Sawyer's approaches it on the north.

On this very spot old Abel Crawford, styled the "Patriarch of the Mountains," lived and reared his family. At the age of seventy-five he made the first ascent ever made to Mt. Washington on horseback. When he was eighty he was so robust as to think nothing of walking five miles before breakfast to his son's house at the Gate of the Notch. His son, Ethan Allen Crawford, called the "Giant of the Hills," cut the first bridle path to Mt. Washington, in 1821. He resided, at that time, near the Giant's Grave, on the north side of the Notch, and the path was nearly, if not quite, coincident with the one now called "Fabyan's Path." All the paths on the western side of the mountains were cut by the Crawfords. Ethan was a great

hunter, and used to delight his guests with quaintly-related stories of many a daring adventure. Both he and his father acted as guides to the travellers who, in their time, visited the mountains. At the time of the Willey slide, the Saco rose so rapidly and so high as to flood the lower story of Mr. Crawford's house, before the family could escape. He himself was away from home, but the rest retired to the upper story, and during the raging tempest, Mrs. Crawford stood at the north window, clearing away with a pole the logs and other drift which pressed with so much force against the house as to threaten it with instant destruction. This intrepid woman was the mother of eight sons.

The Approach to the Notch.

As we proceed up the Saco, Mt. Crawford and the Giant's Stairs are distinctly visible beyond the river on the right. The southern peak, Mt. Crawford, is 3,200 feet high, and the northern, 3,500. Between them is Mt. Resolution. Over these eminences passes the Davis Road to Mt. Washington. After crossing the Saco twice, the road now turns a little towards the north-west. This road was the tenth turnpike constructed in New Hampshire, and was incorporated in 1803. It extends through the Notch, and through Nash and Sawyer's Location, twenty miles, and cost forty thousand dollars. On account of the immense travel over it, it nevertheless paid well. At the present time, however, owing to the railroads around the mountains, there is little travel except in the summer. Before it was laid out

the common county road crossed the Saco thirty-two times in making its way up the valley. A little further on we pass through a forest of gigantic white birches, and catch an occasional view of a lofty overhanging mountain directly in front.

At last the great Notch bursts upon our view in all its sublime majesty, and, looking up the gorge, we behold the frowning Webster on the right, the scarred sides of the fatal Willey on the left, and the rounded summit of Mt. Willard just appearing far away in the middle of the picture. This view of Mt. Webster from the end, is perhaps the most impressive way in which it can be seen. We cannot help wondering if human foot has ever dared to tread its apparently inaccessible heights, or to explore its mysterious recess. Well was it named for him, whose overhanging, thoughtful brow these majestic cliffs so much resemble.

Descending rapidly into the Notch, the road passes over the *debris* of the first slide, now covered with a considerable growth of white birches. Bowlders are scattered around in wild confusion, and the atmosphere of death and destruction seems still to linger about the place. A few rods bring us to the second slide, and we catch the first sight of

The Willey House.

This famous edifice, situated on the left hand of the road directly under Willey Mountain, was the scene of the great disaster which caused the loss of the whole Willey family. Only the northern and smaller

portion of the present building was standing at that time, the southern part having been added in later years to accommodate guests who sometimes stop here. The original building was erected by a Mr. Hill, for a public house, not far from 1820. Previous to this period there was no habitation between the Old Crawford House and the Rosebrooks', a distance of 13 miles. Its hospitable roof was often greeted with gratitude by many a traveller, who would, perhaps, otherwise have perished in the awful snow-drifts so common in the Notch during winter. After occupying the house for a few years, Mr. Hill left it, and it stood empty for several months. At last, in the autumn of 1825, Mr. Willey moved in with his family, and passed the ensuing winter very comfortably. In the June following, however, there was a slide from the mountain, which somewhat terrified them, but did them no permanent injury. It proved to be a warning of the great disaster which was to follow. On the night of Aug. 28, 1826, a violent tempest raged about the Notch, and a vast amount of soil and of rocks on Willey Mountain was precipitated into the valley below, overwhelming the whole family, consisting of Mr. Willey, his wife, five children, and two hired men. Mr. Willey had been anticipating a slide, and had built for himself a shelter farther down the valley, in what he supposed would be a safe place for refuge. It is supposed that the family were endeavoring to reach this place when they were overtaken by the slide. The house itself was

not injured, though the cabin, which it is possible they reached, was carried away. A pile of stones alone marks the place where the bodies of most of them were found. The father, mother, and two children rest in the burial place of the family, near the boundary of Bartlett and Conway. The house was deserted for a year after this event; but at last a family named Pendexter moved in, and it has been generally occupied since that period. Of late years it has become important as a show-place, twelve and a half cents being charged for showing each person through the house. There is, however, nothing within the ruinous edifice of sufficient interest to warrant even this trifling expenditure. In the rear is seen the great rock, once thirty feet high, which separated the slide, and thus saved the house. The top of it is now almost level with the ground around it, and a pole thirty feet high, has been erected close by, to assist the inexperienced mind in forming a correct conception of the former height of the rock. So kindly is sight-seeing here made easy for beginners. From the top of the rock, a beautiful path, quite the most attractive element of the scene, winds among the birches on the slide, far up the mountain. In front of the house is still standing the ruin of the stable, which was half demolished by the avalanche. Before remounting the coach, you should not fail to drink some of the excellent water to be found at the upper end of the piazza.

It is sometimes wondered that any one dares to inhabit so perilous a spot as this; but it must not be

forgotten that the side of Willey is now so bare, that there seems nothing more to come down but the solid rock of the mountain. On the opposite side of the river, however, Mt. Webster rises, apparently perpendicular, to the height of 2,000 feet above the valley, and almost threatens to overwhelm it. In every tempest the inhabitants of the Willey House hear the enormous rocks crashing down its precipitous sides, with the sound of thunder, while lightnings play about its awful brow. But there is in reality no danger.

The Head of the Notch.

After leaving the Willey House, the road winds up the narrow ravine for about three miles, ever and anon crossing the rushing stream, and bending around projecting rocks. This part of the trip is generally performed at the close of the day, when the lengthened shadows add a gloomy grandeur to the scene. Shut in by dismal walls 2,000 feet high, our hearts sink within us with a feeling of utter insignificance. The steep sides of Willey Mountain are diversified by tier above tier of wand-like white birches, the stems being peculiarly apparent on account of the steepness of the mountain. At the top of this mountain, on a sort of plateau, is a little lake called Ethan's Pond. Near as this is to the Saco, it yet finds its outlet towards the south-west into the Pemigewasset, and so into the Merrimack. On each side, far above our heads, little torrents come pouring down over the rocks in cascades, which will be examined more at our leisure,

in excursions from the Crawford House. As we proceed, the "Old Maid of the Mountain," a great stone face, just above the road on the right hand side, on a spur of Mt. Webster, and an overhanging rock on the same side of the road, near the gate of the Notch, called the "Devil's Pulpit," come into view. On the face of this, with imagination, can be seen another profile, called "The Infant," which is said to have been discovered by Ex-Governor N. B. BAKER, now of Iowa. Directly opposite the Devil's Pulpit is another profile, called the "Young Man of the Mountain." In front, far up on Mt. Willard, which has now assumed gigantic proportions, appears the black mouth of the "Devil's Den." Just before arriving at the Gate, the road turns a little to the right, with a bend in the Notch itself, and we suddenly emerge from the wondrous gorge between two chaotic piles of rocks and uprooted trees.

The Crawford House is now in sight, and a short ride over a level road brings us to the piazza. We must not be surprised at the number of spectators who come to see our debarkation, for the arrival of the evening coaches is one of the most exciting events of the day here.

THE CRAWFORD HOUSE AND VICINITY.

The Crawford House is a large and new edifice, very commodious and agreeable for a summer hotel. There are pleasant piazzas on the outside, and fine halls, much used in the evening for promenading, run the entire length of the house within. The parlor is large

and well furnished, the dining-room ample in its proportions, and its table always supplied with the delicacies of the metropolitan markets, as well as such substantial articles of mountain production as delicious berries and the richest milk and cream. The office is situated in the central part of the house, and generally presents as busy a scene as the great square in a city. Hither every one comes to talk over his plans, and to make arrangements for various excursions, or for continuing his journey to other points of interest. You should be careful, as soon as you arrive, to book your name at this place for a horse to Mt. Washington, if you intend to make the ascent within a few days, as often all the ponies are engaged for a day or two beforehand. The price of a horse to the summit and back, with guides for the party, is $4. Here also is the post-office of this wild region. The lodging-rooms of the house are well furnished and pleasant, especially those which have windows towards the Notch. Connected with the hotel are a bowling-alley for rainy-day and evening amusement, and extensive stables, furnished with a large number of horses, to be used either under the saddle or in carriages, for the delightful rides about this vicinity. This excellent establishment since the death of Mr. Gibbs, the late landlord, is now under the charge of Messrs. WALCOTT & HARTSHORN. Mr. Walcott, who is favorably known to the travelling public by his long service as proprietor of the Conway House, is in the immediate charge of the hotel. The

guests of the house will find that he fully maintains the old and excellent reputation that has long characterized the "Notch House." A more cheerful and pleasant resting-place cannot be found in the mountain tour, and visitors will find it agreeable to spend a few days in exploring the beauties of the neighborhood. The hotel is lighted with gas throughout, and all the sleeping rooms are on the first and second floors. There is also a station of the American Telegraph Company at the house, with communication over the summit of Mt. Washington, to the Glen and to the Profile House, connecting also with the line to Boston.

The Plateau.

We are now in the midst of a little plateau, about two thousand feet above the sea. It is the highest point of the valley, and the water flows from it in both directions, the spring near the house discharging its contents down through the Notch into the Saco, and that at the stables emptying itself into a tributary of the Ammonoosuc, and reaching the sea through the Connecticut. In front of the house there is a beautiful fountain, and farther on, a tiny lake, which forms the head waters of the Saco. Down near the gate of the Notch, on the left hand, are the ruins of the old Notch House. This was erected by Ethan Allen Crawford and his father, and kept for a public house by Thomas J. Crawford, a brother of Ethan. Many a thrilling tale is narrated of the adventures of the early guests at this house who attempted to ascend the mountains

under the guidance of the Crawfords, or sometimes even without guides. The appearance of the Notch House is familiar to almost every one, from its having

WHITE MOUNTAIN NOTCH.

been pictured so often in our common school books. It was the largest house of the region for a long time after it was built, and the upper story projected over the arch-topped sheds below in a peculiar manner. After the Crawford House was erected, the building was used for lodging the supernumeraries, who could not find quarters in the large hotel.

Mt. Willard.

This mountain is easily ascended, to the very summit, in carriages, which are furnished for the excursion at a reasonable rate, while those who prefer to make the ascent on foot will find the walk, through groves of maple and mountain ash, pleasant, and by no means fatiguing. Were the ascent less attractive in other respects, the ease and safety with which it can be made, even by an invalid, must render Mt. Willard a favorite; but it is very generally conceded by tourists, that the view from the summit of this mountain affords more *pleasure* than that from its more pretentious neighbors. By a gradual ascent, over heavily-wooded slopes, you reach an elevation of more than two thousand feet above the Crawford House, and stand upon a little plateau, which is broken by the precipitous southern front of the mountain, and thickly strewn with delicate and beautiful mountain harebells. Directly in front, at your very feet as you emerge from the scanty and stunted growth which marks the approach to the summit, lies the Notch — then only fully felt when, after having gazed upward from its gloomy fastnesses at the massive barriers which hem you in, you learn from this standpoint how well its grandeur and magnificence will bear calmer and more protracted scrutiny. Here you catch at a glance the conformation of the entire valley. You can trace the carriage road winding like a ribbon down through the wooded pass. In the distance lies the Willey House, above which

> "Winds underground or waters forcing way
> Sidelong have forced a mountain from his seat,
> Half-sunk with all his pines," —

while on every hand are indications that such a catastrophe as overwhelmed its inmates is not even now impossible. Down the rugged face of the mountains to your left, across the Notch, can be traced innumerable cascades, glistening in the sunshine, and assuming each moment some new phase of wonderful and varied beauty, where

> "Like a downward smoke, the slender stream,
> Along the cliff to fall, and pause, and fall doth seem."

Far above, tower those more noted and eagerly welcomed peaks, which envious hills and forests snatch from the gazer below. The whole landscape, seen "through varying lights and shadows," is perhaps as attractive and winning as any thing in the vicinity of the Crawford House.

Of this view, Bayard Taylor speaks as follows, as he saw it upon a recent visit: —

"The effect was magical. The sky had, in the mean time, partially cleared, and patches of sunny gold lay upon the dark mountains. Under our feet yawned the tremendous gulf of the Notch, roofed with belts of cloud, which floated across from summit to summit nearly at our level; so that we stood, as in the organ-loft of some grand cathedral, looking down into its dim nave. At the farther end, over the fading lines of some nameless mountains, stood Chocorua, purple with distance, terminating the majestic vista. It was

a picture which the eye could take in at one glace; no landscape could be more simple or more sublime. The noise of a cataract to our right, high up on Mount Willey, filled the air with a far, sweet fluctuating murmur, but all round us the woods were still, the harebells bloomed, and the sunshine lay warm upon the granite.

"I had never heard this view particularly celebrated, and was therefore the more impressed by its wonderful beauty. As a simple picture of a mountain pass, seen from above, it cannot be surpassed in Switzerland. Something like it I have seen in the Taurus, otherwise I can recall no view with which to compare it. A portion of the effect, of course, depends on the illumination, but no traveller who sees it on a day of mingled cloud and sunshine will be disappointed."

The Devil's Den.

Near the summit of Mt. Willard, on the southern side, is the remarkable cavern called the "Devil's Den," whose black mouth was distinctly visible in coming up the Notch. This cavern, which is only accessible by means of ropes, was explored, in 1856, by Dr. Ball of Boston, who secured as trophies of his exploration two hawk's feathers, and effectually dissipated the impression that the cavern was of immense extent, and frequented through another entrance by beasts of prey. The Den proved to be only about twenty feet wide, fifteen feet high, and twenty deep, and so cold and damp that not even the birds take

refuge in it. The story of its previous exploration by one of the Crawfords, who discovered large quantities of bones and the usual accessories of all famous caverns, must be a myth.

No one who visits the Crawford House should fail to make an excursion down through the Notch, even if he has just come up from Bartlett. The view in this direction is so much more impressive, the masses of Willard, Webster, and Willey being almost before you, that the effect is much more grand and sublime. You must take this path also to visit the various objects of interest in the Notch itself. The first of these is about three fourths of a mile from the hotel, and is called

The Flume.

The part of the little mountain stream, which here is crossed by a small bridge, derives its name from the narrow and deep gorge through which the waters rush with great rapidity. The chasm, like many others in the mountains, though doubtless formed by some convulsion of Nature, seems chiselled out of the solid rock. Where the rivulet descends from the mountain side above, there is a fall of some two or three hundred feet, and on the opposite side you can still hear, though you cannot see, the water rushing down still farther to join the current of the Saco, which winds its way through the whole length of the Notch. You may be tempted to an exploration, but your path, though not dangerous, will be very difficult.

A little distance farther down the Notch you will

come to the most beautiful of all the falls on this side of the mountain, the

Silver Cascade.

This is also sometimes called the Second Flume, from a similar formation, immediately beneath the bridge, to the one already described. But its chief charm is in the perpendicular descent of water for a distance of almost four hundred feet. As you stand on the piazza of the hotel, you see this same stream far up the mountain, full a mile distant, leaping over the rocks and flashing in the sunlight like a silvered pinnacle of some mountain shrine. But as you stand on the bridge, or at the very base of the fall, which you can reach with care, the water seems pouring over the edge of the precipice. Just after a heavy rain the huge rock, which just below the summit usually divides the current, is almost entirely concealed by the spray. Like the most of mountain falls, it rather glides over the surface of the ledge than leaps in a clear, unbroken sheet from the summit to the base. At first the water is diffused over a broad surface, and in times of a drought is divided into several small streams. Before it reaches the base, however, all the water is compressed into a very narrow channel. Then, hurrying along over a comparatively level bed, it again, as it reaches the bridge, plunges down a distance of some twenty feet, and, driving through the flume, disappears among the bushes on the opposite side of the road. There is, perhaps, no place on this

side of the mountains which so enchains one by its loveliness as the Silver Cascade. You may spend hours around it, and yet long to return to its solitary beauty. The very height of the mountains, rising almost perpendicularly on each side of you, causes you to feel the impressiveness and power of the rushing torrent. These cascades will appear to particular advantage, if you are fortunate enough to walk down into the Notch on a moonlight evening. Carriages, also, often leave the Crawford House on other excursions, such as to the Willey House, and to Ammonoosuc Falls, which will be described below. The fare to these falls, when a carriage is sent for the purpose, is fifty cents for each passenger.

Sparkling Cascade and Sylvan Glade Cataract.

Mr. King, in his admirable "White Hills," speaks of these falls as follows:—

"But a more wild and beautiful waterfall than any hitherto seen on the western side of the mountains was discovered at Mount Willey, in September, 1858, by Mr. Ripley of North Conway, and Mr. Porter of New York. An old fisherman had reported, at the Crawford House, that he had once seen a wonderful cascade on a streamlet that pours down that mountain and empties into the Saco below the Willey House. These gentlemen drove through the Notch to the second bridge below the Willey House, which crosses a stream with the unpoetical name of Cow Brook, and followed up the rivulet into the wild forest. An ascent of nearly

two miles revealed to them the object of their search, enclosed between the granite walls of a very steep ravine, whose cliffs, crowned with a dense forest of spruce, are singularly grand. They saw the cascade leaping first over four rocky stairways, each of them about six feet high, and then gliding at an angle of forty-five degrees, a hundred and fifty feet, with many graceful curves, down a solid bed of granite into the pool below. The cascade is about seventy-five feet wide at the base, and fifty at the summit.

"Exploring the stream nearly a mile higher, other falls were discovered, each one deserving especial notice, and one or two of most rare beauty. The finest of these upper falls was christened, we believe, by the discoverer, the 'Sparkling Cascade,' and the larger one below, the 'Sylvan Glade Cataract.' The brook itself has been named since in honor of Mr. Ripley, and the ravine, of Mr. Porter. We hope, however, that the name 'Avalanche Brook,' which we believe the explorers first gave to it, may be the permanent title of the stream, since it flows near the track of the fatal land slide of 1826, and that Mr. Ripley's name may be transferred to the cataract.

"Mr. Champney, who visited the falls about a fortnight after their discovery, is inclined to ascribe to them a nobler beauty than any other thus far known among the mountains. He describes the picturesque rock-forms as wonderful, and their richness in color and making, in mosses and lichens, as more admirable than any others he has had the privilege of studying in the

mountain region. And this cascade is only a sample, probably, of the uncelebrated beauties in the wilderness around the White Hills."

Gibbs's Falls.

There is near the Crawford House a series of cascades which are well worthy the attention of the tourist. By entering the woods near the stables of the Crawford House, and following the aqueduct which supplies the hotel with water, the traveller soon reaches a brook which presents a succession of falls that in romantic loveliness are inferior to none in the White or Franconia Mountains. To the most striking of these the name of one of the landlords of the Crawford House has been given. Gibbs's Falls is about a quarter of a mile from the point at which the aqueduct issues from the brook, and is easily accessible in half an hour's walk from the hotel. The water at this point makes an abrupt descent of thirty or forty feet in two distinct sheets, which are separated by a projecting cliff draped in a scanty verdure of lichens and mosses, and crowned by a single monster pine. The contrast between the emerald greenness of the projecting islet and the foaming torrents which encompass it on either hand is picturesque in the extreme, and these hitherto nameless falls are well worthy the attention of the artist and the lover of nature.

The greatest feat to be performed during your stay at this hotel, and that for which the others are only preparative, is the

Ascent of Mt. Washington from the Crawford House.

During the height of the season the excursion is made every day, when the weather will allow, and generally occupies about ten hours. It can be made, however, in a somewhat shorter time if necessary. The distance to the summit is, according to the guide-board at the entrance to the path, only *seven* miles, but if you have a pleasant day you will be by no means sorry to find it *nine*, which is commonly supposed to be nearer the truth. The entire distance is accomplished on the backs of well trained horses, with the attendance of two or three experienced mountain guides, who will be always at hand to mend a failing girth. If you do not like so long a ride on horseback, you can be conveyed round in a carriage by a longer route over Fabyan's Path to the foot of Mt. Washington, and can then take the horses for the last three or four miles. By this course, however, you lose all the beautiful views from the four mountains passed over on the other path. These are the most satisfactory to be obtained, when, as is often the case, the summit of Mt. Washington is clothed in mist. Sometimes the ascent is made on foot, but on account of the unparalleled roughness and steepness of these mountain paths, this method is to most persons too wearisome for enjoyment, unless they spend a long time in the ascent, and pass the night on the mountain. A flask of brandy is frequently con-

sidered indispensable for pedestrians, as persons often faint from fatigue. Whatever path or method you select, it is never advisable to attempt the ascent, for the first time, without a guide. Many accidents and inconveniences arise every year from the neglect of this precaution. Often you pass from the brightest sunshine below into impenetrable mists upon the summits of the mountains.

The clothing for this excursion should be of the commonest description at your command, but must be as warm as any required for winter wear. The temperature below cannot be taken as a criterion of that at the height of four thousand feet or more, where it is almost without cessation severely cold. Thick woollen mountain jackets can be obtained of the porter at the hotel at a charge of twenty-five cents; but you will be more independent if you have garments of your own suitable for the purpose. Sacks and jackets are generally worn, even by ladies, rather than shawls or cloaks, on account of their greater convenience in the strong winds, which blow incessantly across the tops of the mountains. Close caps or hats, secured very firmly on the head by strings, are indispensable for the same reason. Half the pleasure of the excursion is often lost on account of the annoyance arising from a loose hat continually blowing off, or from a troublesome shawl or cloak incessantly flapping in the wind, and, threatening to burst every fastening. The horses are brought to the door immediately after breakfast, and, when the weather is promising, the party does not generally con-

sist of less than twenty-five. The greater part of the guests at the hotel commonly come down to the piazza at the north-eastern end of the house to see these strange-looking cavaliers, in all their grotesque costumes, set out for the mountains. The path passes directly into the forest on the east.

General View of the Range.

The first mountain which we ascend on this path is Mt. Clinton. It belongs to the great range, which extends from the Notch north-easterly to Mt. Madison, a distance of fourteen miles. The whole mountain region of New Hampshire is about forty miles square, but the name, "White Mountains," is sometimes applied, for the sake of distinction, only to this particular group, of which Mt. Washington is the culminating point. The following list gives the name and height of each mountain of the range, in its order, commencing at the Notch: —

Mt. Webster,	4,000 ft.	Mt. Washington,	6,285 ft.
Mt. Jackson,	4,100 "	Mt. Clay,	5,400 "
Mt. Clinton,	4,200 "	Mt. Jefferson,	5,700 "
Mt. Pleasant,	4,800 "	Mt. Adams,	5,800 "
Mt. Franklin,	4,900 "	Mt. Madison,	5,400 "
Mt. Monroe,	5,400 "		

One of the Indian names of these mountains was "Agiocochook," which signifies "the place of the Spirit of the Great Forest," or, according to Judge Potter, "the place of the Storm Spirit," and another,

"Waumbekketmethna," alluding to the *whiteness* of the mountains. The distinctive title of "White" has always been applied to them on account of their peaks being white with snow during ten months of the year.

Even in July and August the bare rocks have a grayish cast, when seen from a distance, which almost entitles them to the name of *white*. These noble hills were first visited in 1732, by a man named Darby Field.

The great advantage of this route to the summit of Mount Washington consists in the passage over separate mountain peaks, from each of which views of great beauty are obtained. It often happens, too, that when the summit of Washington is wrapped in an impenetrable mantle of mist, these lower summits, and all the surrounding landscape, are in clear light, and often, indeed, bathed in sunshine. When this is the case, those who ascend by this route have the pleasure of enjoying the peculiar excitement of standing on the clear mountain top. Neither should one regret an occasional cloud or shower. No mountain effect can be finer than that produced by the dense masses of boiling vapor, as they gather in the valleys, now all on fire from the rays of the sun, shading off into golden tints, and now a dark sombre gray, needing only a little less light to become the "l'aer perso" of Dante's Inferno, slowly yet steadily rolling up the mountain side, concealing the depths of the ravine, and at last enveloping you with its penetrating moisture. Then

the mist leaves you as suddenly as it came, and opens to your vision an abyss yawning at your very feet and reaching to the mountain's base. Such sights as these are ample compensation for the passing shower. Then at another time, both here and on the summit, you may often see the light fleecy clouds floating about the ravines, climbing the slopes, or hurrying over the valleys, casting long shadows over the green mountain sides, and spotting the fields with a deeper color. We shall see these clouds

"Lie couched around us like a flock of sheep,"

when the haze has been swept from the horizon, immediately after a rain-storm. This is unquestionably the pleasantest time to ascend the mountains.

The fatigue of the long horseback ride is greater to those not accustomed to it than the ascent in a carriage. But there is more romance attending this mode of conveyance; there is a different class of views to be obtained, and perhaps more which will be pleasant to look back upon when passed. Mr. Taylor calls it "by far the most compensating road to the summit."

Ascent of Mt. Clinton.

At a few rods' distance from the Crawford House is the base of Mt. Clinton, which we continue to ascend for two or three miles, until at its summit we are more than two thousand feet above the point of starting, and more than four thousand above the sea. The path lies all the way through a wild forest, and is so steep and

winding that we often see the more advanced of the party through the trees almost directly above our heads. Now and then we pass a long piece of corduroy, made of logs laid closely together across the way, and forming a hard but quite rough path. When wet with rain, this portion of the way is quite dangerous in the descent. It should be improved if possible. At some points are cool springs of water issuing from the sides of the path, where the horses are accustomed to rest for a moment, and quench their thirst. Occasionally the way lies through a wet gully three or four feet deep, which has the appearance of being the bed of a small mountain stream, and, after a rain, spatters our garments with a plentiful quantity of mud. It is most interesting on this ascent to watch the ever-changing character of the trees and shrubs in their transition from beech, and yellow birch, and sugar maple, and mountain ash, and aspen poplar, and striped maple below, to white pine, and hemlock, and white birch, and spruce, and balsam fir, hung with festoons of hair-like moss high up, every sort giving way near the top to a kind of dwarf fir, often so intertangled that it is possible to walk over the tops of the trees as over moss. Beneath the trees — a strange union of the arctics with the tropics — the ground is covered with a dense growth of ferns. Just before reaching the summit of Mt. Clinton we pass through a region of dead trees, which are supposed to have been killed by the intense cold of 1812, and the seasons which followed until 1816, when, it is asserted, they remained

frozen throughout the year, even in summer. Their trunks and branches have been bleached by the rains and the winds, and they stand like weird giants stretching out their ghost-like arms to guard the approach to the enchanted regions above. At the height of 4,000 feet we emerge from the forest, and find above nothing but scattered firs hiding here and there in the crevices of the rocks.

View from Mt. Clinton.

The path lies a little to the north of the summit of Mt. Clinton, and as we wind around it over the bare rocks, the first noble mountain view bursts upon our sight. Almost directly before us, towards the east, is the conical summit of Kearsarge, and apparently near it some little silver lakes, with a blue setting of many mountains; and behind we can discern Willard, and the other mountains around the Notch, mottled here and there with the shadows of passings clouds.

As we begin to descend to the narrow ridge, which joins this mountain to the next, we gain a view of the nearer objects beneath us. On the right, at a depth of 2,000 feet, is a vast forest, through which winds the Mt. Washington River, and beyond is a long range of giant hills, which, like these we are on, seem marching in solemn procession towards the great central shrine. On the left, at a similar depth, the Ammonoosuc is seen threading the forest, and at last finding its way to the open country in the distance. The first experience of real mountain travel is gained as we slide

down the rocks, and wind along the bleak ridge, which connects Mt. Clinton with

Mt. Pleasant.

The path generally pursued passes around the southern side of this mountain several hundred feet below its summit, although there is one directly over, which the horses by no means fancy, and can very seldom be induced to take. A guide-board should be erected here, as the descent on the other side of Mt. Pleasant is very difficult, and parties, in advance of the guide, sometimes take the wrong road. As we pass along the narrow path, we come to a delightful spring, where we can, if we choose, drink from a glass kept there for the purpose. It is remarkable that both men and horses always drink more upon the mountains than they do below, perhaps on account of the increased rapidity of evaporation. In the vicinity of this spring, as at other sheltered sunny spots along the path, exquisite little spring flowers, such as anemones and bluebells, are found just opening in August. The season here resembles the arctic summer, the snow not disappearing till July, and coming early again in September. During two months vegetation comes on with wonderful speed, and the whole cycle of growth and fructification is completed. You must not allow your horse to turn out of the beaten path to crop the tender grass, as he desires, for often serious accidents are the result of such yielding. Here, if he should lose his foothold, you would be precipitated a great distance down the side of the

mountain. Neither, if you dismount, should you allow your bridle to leave your hand, with the expectation that your horse will patiently await your return. Especially if you lead the line are you liable to serious disappointment if you do. Mt. Pleasant has a peculiarly rounded top, and presents a beautiful appearance at a distance, whence, probably, its name, somewhat incongruous when compared with those of all the others of the patriot group. On the northern side are immense slides, which are supposed to have occurred, like most of those among the mountains, in the memorable storm of 1826. After passing around Mt. Pleasant, we come to an extended sort of a plain lying at the foot of

Mt. Franklin.

This is a very irregular, flattened peak, about a hundred feet higher than the last. The arduous ascent to its summit is an excellent preparation for the ascent of Mt. Washington, by which alone it is surpassed in difficulty. It is almost fearful to look up at the more advanced of our party winding along the lofty crags far above our heads, but we soon climb the rocks in safety, and look down in turn upon those below. The path passes a short distance to the north-west of the summit, but there is no danger in turning out a little way to the right, and attaining the highest point. The view thence towards the south-east is extremely grand. Far to the south appear the four beautiful peaks of Chocorua (*Cho-cór-u-ay*), the one to the right being higher and more conical than the rest. Thousands of feet below

us stretches the interminable forest, like a carpeting of rich, dark grass. The mountain on the eastern side is almost perpendicular, and, as we leave it behind, we can see the long scar left by a slide, which occurred one stormy night in the summer of 1857.

Mt. Monroe.

We are now approaching the two majestic peaks of Mt. Monroe, which is inferior to Mt. Washington in height rather than in symmetrical beauty. We pass around the south-eastern side, several hundred feet below the summit, over what we are now prepared to consider an easy path. Far down to the right is the frightful abyss known as "Oakes's Gulf." The other side of this ravine is formed by the same range of mountains, which, farther back, we observed across the wide valley, approaching the central cluster. As we gaze down into the dizzy depths, and see huge rocks scattered in confusion on the bottom, and perpendicular craggy precipices forming the sides, we cannot help being impressed with a feeling of awe. Sometimes clouds are entrapped in this fathomless gulf, and whirl round and round in vain attempts to escape. On the northern side of Mt. Washington is a similar ravine called the "Great Gulf."

Approach to Mt. Washington.

Winding around Monroe, we gain our first view of Mt. Washington, towering nearly fifteen hundred feet above us. It appears to consist of an irregular pyram-

idal pile of shattered grayish brown stones, standing as steep as they can without rolling down. Too often this long-expected view is lost on account of the almost perpetual mists which surround the summit. Before reaching the foot of the cone, we must pass over an extended plateau, which is at first quite smooth, and allows the horse to trot for a short distance. Nearer the mountain, however, it is scattered with innumerable bowlders, which appear to have been deposited here at the same time that the pyramid of similar stones before us was thrown up. The path winds among these rocks, and is occasionally pointed out by small heaps of stones piled up for that purpose many years ago. This plain extends a long way to the right, and is nearly a mile above the sea. Little patches of coarse grass and small ponds are found here and there upon it. In the western part is a beautiful sheet of water, called the "Lake of the Clouds," from which the Ammonoosuc issues. Leaving the path, and passing along the plain towards the east, we should come to the most wonderful of all the gorges in this region, — Tuckerman's Ravine. See page 61.

Ascent of the Last Peak.

The ascent of the cone of Mt. Washington is made by parties from the Crawford House, on the southwestern side, where the rocks appear to stand almost perpendicular, although in reality less steep than on the southern side. The path appears to have been formed by rolling the great blocks and slabs of stone

on each side, leaving a partially clear way between. Up this we wind slowly to the very summit. The rocks are of the most uninteresting character, consisting principally of a dull-brown mica slate. During the first part of the way a great abundance of a delicate Alpine plant, with small white flowers, is observed among the rocks. It is curious to discuss the manner in which the seeds of the plant were first brought here, for it is entirely unlike any other plant found in this part of the world. But at any rate it is here, and relieves the scene of much of its gloominess. Higher up there is nothing but bleak, bare rock. If you propose to pass the night on the mountain, and wish to ride down, you must have another horse sent up, when you are ready to return. The few steps which separate us from the top are easily passed over on foot, the horses being left here merely for the convenience of the guides, so that they shall not become mingled with those from other paths. A finger on a guide-board, elevated upon a pile of stones, points out the path, the buildings on the summit being as yet hidden from view.

The Summit.

The acre of comparatively level surface on the top of the mountain is so completely covered with irregular angular rocks, that one can scarcely find a smooth place to stand upon. The building which first appears in sight is the Tip-Top House. This is used at present as a dining-room. A little to the east, and somewhat

below, is the Summit House, the first building ever erected on the mountain. Both of these have thick walls of the native rock, and are very low, with roofs nearly flat, so as to present as little surface as possible to the fierce winds. The Summit House was erected in 1852, by the united efforts of Mr. Hall and Mr. Rosebrook, two farmers of Jefferson. It was commenced in June, and sufficiently completed towards the close of July to form a comfortable shelter. It was bound down to the mountain by several large cables, which passed over the top of the roof. The interior is divided into two principal rooms, each of which is heated by a stove. Around these fires the shivering guests crowd, and present about the same appearance as travellers in January stopping to warm themselves at a country inn. The thermometer does not perhaps indicate a temperature below 50°, but the constant wind produces the effect of even thirty degrees below that point. In the rear of the main rooms are narrow dormitories, furnished since the opening of the carriage road with comfortable beds and other appliances for a good night's rest. Above are also other "sleeping-places," separated from the rooms below by wooden slats. Every inch of space within the building appears to be turned to some account. The tops of the lower rooms are ceiled with cotton cloth, and the sides, formed of rough stone walls, well pointed with mortar, like a common cellar wall, are now ceiled with boards and papered, adding to the comfort and dryness of the room. In deep recesses are good glass windows,

increasing very materially the comfort of the place. This, and the Tip-Top House, erected some years afterwards, together form a hotel, at which we can stop as long as we choose. Neither does it seem by any means a bad one, when we consider that every foot of board and every article of furniture was originally brought several miles up these steep paths on the backs either of men or of horses. Stone and water are the only material to be obtained on the Summit, a never failing spring of the latter being found a few rods north of the Summit House, a little down the mountain. The expense of transportation has been, of course, considerably diminished by the completion of the carriage road, but still one must readily see the cost of supplying the house is much greater than within a short distance of good markets. We must not, therefore, be surprised at a somewhat higher charge than the prices established by the hotels at the base, if we choose to stay a while. If the tourist wishes to devote his whole time to the view, a luncheon taken at the hotel will make an excellent substitute for the dinner in the Summit House.

There are generally three parties arriving on the Summit every day, one from the Crawford House, one over Fabyan's Path, and one from the Glen House. Quite a large number is generally stopping here, so that it is not unusual to meet a hundred people on the top of the mountain in the middle of the day. One of the pleasantest elements of the excursion is the manner in which so many persons are thrown for a time into one

family, sympathizing in their common elevation above the rest of mankind.

The View.

Although the view from the Summit has already been described in connection with the ascent from the Glen, the following enumeration, from Oakes's White Mountain Scenery, of the objects of interest, visible on a clear day, may be of use to the tourist. "In the west, through the blue haze, are seen in the distance the ranges of the Green Mountains; the remarkable outlines of the summits of Camel's Hump and Mansfield Mountain being easily distinguished when the atmosphere is clear. To the north-west, under your feet, are the clearings and settlements of Jefferson, the waters of Cherry Pond, and, farther distant, the village of Lancaster, with the waters of Israel's River. The Connecticut is not visible, but often, at morning and evening, its appearance is counterfeited by the fog rising from its surface. To the north and north-east, only a few miles distant, rise up boldly the great north-eastern peaks of the White Mountain range, — Jefferson, Adams and Madison, — with their ragged tops of loose, dark rocks. A little farther to the east are seen the numerous and distant summits of Maine. On the south-east, close at hand, are the dark and crowded ridges of the mountains in Jackson; and beyond, the conical summit of Kearsarge, standing by itself on the outskirts of the mountains; and farther, over the low country of Maine, Sebago Pond, near Portland. Still

farther, it is said, the ocean itself has sometimes been distinctly visible. The White Mountains are often seen from the sea, even at thirty miles' distance from the shore, and nothing can prevent the sea from being seen from the mountains but the difficulty of distinguishing its appearance from that of the sky near the horizon. Farther to the south are the intervals of the Saco, and the settlements of Bartlett and Conway, the sister ponds of Lovwell, in Fryeburg, and still farther, the remarkable four-toothed summit of Chocorua, the peak to the right much the largest and sharply pyramidal. Almost exactly south are the shining waters of the beautiful Winnipesaukee, seen with the greatest distinctness in a favorable day. To the south-west, near at hand, are the peaks of the south-western range of the White Mountains; Monroe, with its two little Alpine ponds sleeping under its rocky and pointed summit; the flat surface of Franklin, and the rounded tops of Mt. Pleasant, with their ridges and spurs. Beyond these the Willey Mountain, with its high, ridged summit; and beyond that several parallel ranges of high, wooded mountains. Farther west, and over all, is seen the high, bare summit of Mt. Lafayette, in Franconia.

"At your feet is the broad valley surrounded by mountains, through which wind deviously the sources of the Ammonoosuc, with its clearing at its farther extremity, and the Mt. Washington House; and beyond this, at twenty miles' distance, the little village of Bethlehem is dimly visible."

In spite of the assertion of Mr. Oakes, the host of the Tip-Top House will point you out two places in which, he will assure you, the shining waters visible are parts of the Connecticut.

The Descent.

Returning to the spot where the ponies were left, we find each one looking for his steed, and mounting with as much speed as the chilly wind and the rough rock will allow. The ladies generally walk down the first steep descent to the plain, as it is much more difficult than the ascent. There is really no danger, however, as the horses never take a step till they see where they are going. The view is also much finer going down, as our faces are now turned away from the steep side of the mountain. Especially is it beautiful on the right of Mt. Monroe, where we can trace the silver water of the Ammonoosuc in its windings through the forest far below. Soon after reaching the plain the party becomes scattered, and we wander on perhaps alone, greeting each solitary peak, like an old friend, as we pass it, and arrived at last at the summit of Clinton. The descent of this mountain becomes somewhat tiresome, with its interminable "corduroys," and its troublesome black flies, and we are not sorry at last to discover the white piazza of the Crawford House appearing through the trees.

Ascent of Mt. Washington by the Carriage Road.

The White Mountain Carriage Road also furnishes another route of ascent which is accessible either from the Crawford House or from Brabrook's White Mountain House. The bridle path from the Crawford House approaches the summit of Mt. Washington over a succession of intervening and inferior mountains. The views which it affords of the abutting ranges and ravines on the one hand, and on the other of a broad expanse of checkered light and shade, are unsurpassed in grandeur and beauty; but the fatigue of this method of ascent is by no means slight. To obviate this difficulty, a carriage road has been cut from a point midway between the Crawford House and Brabrook's, directly to the base of Mt. Washington, thus reducing the distance which it is necessary to accomplish on horseback, from nine miles to less than three. This carriage road leaves the turnpike at the point where the guide-board indicates the falls of the Wild Ammonoosuc, and follows a broad ravine to the Cold Spring, where there are stables erected, and whence the ascent is made. The road is comparatively level, but suffers sadly from want of repair, so that for two miles before reaching Cold Spring it is almost impassable. No horses are now kept at the stable, so that they must be brought from the hotel. As a bridle path the road is not deficient in interest or beauty. On the one side there rises in regular and gentle slopes the southern boundary of

the pass, while on the other there brawls and bubbles a mountain brook, which, ever and anon, dashes across your pathway, assuming always some new phase of loveliness. The entire road lies through a heavily wooded region, and the denizen of our heated and bustling cities may here enjoy the quiet and the gloom of "the forest primeval." From the Cold Spring, the ascent is direct, and may be safely called *steep*. Jacob's Ladder may be commended to your notice as the nearest approach to the perpendicular which the conscience of a mountaineer will permit. But if the path is rugged, it is at least short, and to one who is familiar with the other modes of ascent, it is no slight recommendation that this path is uncontaminated by any "corduroy road." The route which we have indicated is the ordinary method of ascent from Brabrook's. For pedestrians the route by Cold Spring affords peculiar facilities; but only *first-rate walkers* should attempt Mt. Washington on foot, and even they will not be safe without the attendance of a guide, for a mountain mist or a driving storm of sleet and snow may, at any moment, obscure the scanty trace of a path.

Upper Ammonoosuc Falls.

The Upper Ammonoosuc Falls are reached from the main road between the Crawford House and the White Mountain House. They are distant about four miles from the former, and two and a half miles from the latter place. A guide-board bearing the proper inscription informs the tourist respecting the path to be taken.

Proceeding about three fourths of a mile along the carriage road that leads to Mt. Washington, soon after fording a small stream that empties into the Ammonoosuc River, a path is found leading directly to the Falls. A few minutes' walk will bring one to the head of the fall. Here a scene of most exquisite beauty meets the eye. The river, confined within narrow gorges, seems to have broken through the rock with the utmost violence; with a zigzag course it continues its way, wearing the foamy whiteness of its boiling waves, as a conqueror his well-earned crown. The perpendicular walls of granite stand on either side at different heights, as though to guard this scene of beauty from unwarrantable intrusion.

At some remote period the river must have flowed at a higher level than at present. Large "pot-holes," six or eight feet in diameter, may be found several feet above the present current, and many smaller ones upon the surface of the upper rocks. In one of the largest may be counted, growing as though in a diminutive parterre, seven or eight different species of vegetation. The rock has been hollowed out with chiselled precision, the soil has gradually accumulated, the seeds have been wafted from various localities, and now the plants, having germinated and grown in their circular, rock-environed garden, furnish another, out of numberless indications of the faithfulness of nature, in adorning every unsightly object with her creations of beauty.

One can follow the stream through its windings from

the top to the bottom of the fall, by clambering along the sides of the miniature precipice, or, by following along the safer path through the woods, can reach the desired point with less trouble and far more security. By taking a station at the foot and looking up through the cleft of the massive rocks, the whole beauty of the Falls can be seen at a glance. The fall of water must be more than fifty feet in a distance of three or four hundred feet. The peculiar structure of the rocky banks, the music of the waters, the requisite intermingling of light and shade, the distant prospect of forest and mountain, make this spot one of the loveliest places of resort for the tourist to be found in the neighborhood. Not the least of the attractions which it possesses is the magnificent view which is afforded of Washington and his companions, from different points upon the woodland road. The Regal Mountain stands the monarch of the hills in the centre of his court. The whole chain of dependent peaks may be seen from Clinton on the south to Madison on the north. The path to the summit may be clearly discerned, and even the forms of the travellers making the ascent. The distance is but an easy walk from either of the hotels. If one is desirous of riding, the charge will be one dollar. But, whether riding or walking, the White Mountain Notch should not be left without a view of the Upper Ammonoosuc Falls and Basin.

Crawford House to Profile House.

This trip is performed in stages, which leave the

Crawford House every morning about eight. The distance is not far from twenty-seven miles. There are also stages leaving the Crawford House for Littleton and the Connecticut River railways, without stopping at Franconia.

After leaving the Crawford House we descend into the forest towards the north-west, in which we continue for several miles. Occasionally an opening in the trees on the right discloses the giant forms of the White Mountains, and in one place we observe the road turning to the right, over which carriages from the Crawford House pass in order to reach Fabyan's Path. At last we cross the Ammonoosuc, about four miles from the Notch, and arrive at the Clearing, in which is

The Giant's Grave.

This is a singular tumulus, rising to the height of sixty feet in the midst of an extended cleared plain. From its summit there is gained a magnificent view of the surrounding mountains. Towards the east we behold Mt. Washington, with all its noble compeers, in their order, on each side. The monster slides on Mt. Pleasant have been imagined to resemble an Indian chief, with a plume in his cap and a tomahawk in his hand. This resemblance is quite striking, and improves as we proceed farther and farther away. When, however, we attempt to see his squaw sitting by the chief's side, a much larger draught on the imagination is required. But whether we recognize these

resemblances or not, the lengthened scars themselves, a thousand feet in height, form a sufficiently engaging object of attention.

Grand as is the view from the Giant's Grave, we need not leave it with such reluctance as we should were we not to carry the picture with us for hours, as we ascend the hills to Bethlehem. On the top of this mound a remarkable echo is heard when a horn is blown. Almost directly opposite the Giant's Grave are the ruins of Fabyan's "Mt. Washington House," which was for several years the most famous hotel of this region, but was at last unfortunately burned. During the autumn of 1858, the stables of the hotel, which the previous fire spared, were struck by lightning and destroyed. A tradition exists that, owing to some Indian curse, no buildings will ever remain upon this site. From this point proceeds Fabyan's Path to Mt. Washington. It is the oldest of all the bridle paths, and was cut, in 1821, by Ethan Allen Crawford, who resided at the Rosebrook House near this place. For nearly seven miles it proceeds over a comparatively level surface, till it comes to the very foot of Mt. Washington.

White Mountain House.

About half a mile farther we come to this hotel, on the site of the Rosebrook House, and kept at present by Mr. Henry Abbott. It is a very pleasantly situated, and quiet house in the midst of an open tract of country. In the rear is a fine view of the White Mountains, and in front, beyond the Ammonoosuc,

rises the lofty range which connects the Great Notch with Franconia.

From this house a good carriage road has been built to within about two miles of the summit of Mt. Washington, and the present proprietors of the hotel are constructing a steam railway from this point to the summit. This railway is on a new plan, invented by Mr. Marsh, the president of the company, and a portion of it will be finished this summer, to demonstrate the feasibility of the plan. They also design building a new and large hotel.

A carriage road has also been built to the summit of Mt. Prospect, to which excursions are frequently made. This is also an excellent starting-place for excursions along the Ammonoosuc. There are also many exceedingly interesting rambles in the neighborhood of this hotel, and many hills of moderate size, from which views of a great range are gained. In fact this is the only point on this side of the mountains from which such views can be had. Mr. Brabrook has horses ready at all times for the accommodation of his guests.

Lower Ammonoosuc Falls.

At a short distance farther, on the left of the road, are the famous falls of the Ammonoosuc. This stream is said to be the wildest and most rapid of all the rivers of New Hampshire, falling more than a mile in its course of thirty miles from Mt. Washington to the Connecticut River. It has many cascades, some of which are higher than this, but none more attractive. Here the water issues from a forest of evergreens, and

leaps down thirty feet over broad steps of granite. The rocks on each side seem laid in courses, as if by the hand of a mason. When the amount of water is large it rushes into the pool below with such force as to throw it into heaps several feet in height. This cascade unites the wildness of nature with a close resemblance to the nice workmanship of art, in a most surprising and beautiful manner. It is so near the road that it is not necessary to leave the coach in order to enjoy its full effect, although one might pass several hours very pleasantly in a ramble along the banks of the river.

Ammonoosuc Bridge.

After proceeding several miles with the Ammonoosuc on our right, we suddenly cross it by a strong wooden bridge. The history of the bridges which have been erected here, as narrated by Mr. Willey, is somewhat interesting. When Bethlehem was first settled in 1790, under the name of Lord's Hill, Capt. Rosebrook cut a road from his house through the forest, about twelve miles, to the new settlement. A log bridge was thrown across the river, which was, however, soon washed away by the spring freshets. At last the newly formed town of Bethlehem voted, in 1800, to build a bridge at this place at a cost of $390. There was such a scarcity of provisions at this time that the workmen were forced to live on milk porridge.

Bethlehem.

Two or three miles, over gently rising grounds, brings

us to Bethlehem, a beautiful airy village, about seventeen miles from the Notch, famous for its view of the whole range of the White Mountains. You feel a greater satisfaction in surveying them from this place than from any other point where the view is so comprehensive. Towards the north-west are some noble white marble mountains in Vermont, appearing clothed in a garment of snow from base to summit. The whole northern and western horizon is jagged with mountain summits, softening into beauty and grace in the mellow light of summer sunsets. This place has grown from the little settlement of "Lord's Hill" of seventy years ago, into a flourishing village containing two fine churches, five large sawmills, and one or two extensive starch factories. Here also is a small but comfortable hotel kept by Hon. J. G. Sinclair. One desiring to spend a few days in this delightful locality could not do better than make this hotel his headquarters. The early stage from the Crawford House for Littleton stops here for breakfast.

First View of Franconia.

From Bethlehem there are two roads to Franconia Notch. Whichever we take we must ascend a high and toilsome hill, but the view from the summit repays us for all our delay. This view, comprehending the whole of the grand Franconia range in front, with the head of Lafayette standing majestically above them all, and on the right the dark opening of the Notch, with long extent of valley and interval between is one of

the finest views in the day's ride. It remains in sight for some time while you are descending the hill and crossing the valley of the south branch to the Ammonoosuc. Then begins the slow ascent of the Notch. Winding through its shady ravines, along the west base of Bald Mountain, we come at last to the Profile House.

Franconia Notch and its Neighborhood.

The Franconia range of hills, though properly belonging to the White Mountain range, is still so distinct and peculiar in its character as to deserve a lengthened notice. The beauties of the surrounding scenery entitle it to all the admiration which the tourist bestows upon it. Indeed, by old *habitués* of the region, Franconia is considered the gem of the mountains. There is not the overpowering grandeur which belongs to the White Mountains, while the greater variety of interesting objects amply compensates for the absence of more stately scenes. The quiet beauty and the repose of nature in the Franconia Notch may well introduce the traveller to the higher sublimity beyond, or refresh him as he retires from the powerful influence which he has felt before the majesty of the Notch. There is a tranquillity in the former feeling, and a sense of relief in the latter, which prepares or soothes the mind. Here is rest; here is comfort. Beneath the shadow of these solemn mountains the weary soul finds composure. Selfishness and worldliness are rebuked. The most thoughtless are hushed to reflection, and a

better understanding of life grows up in the midst of Nature's grand instructions. We do not suppose our tourist is in quest of mere pleasure; we believe him to be a better and nobler man than to spend his days thus. He is open to every good influence that will make life more rich, and beautiful, and fair. There is no better influence than that of which he will be sensible in the still retreat of Franconia.

The Profile House,

a new and large hotel, of the very best and most comfortable accommodations, is situated in the immediate vicinity of Echo Lake, Cannon Mountain, Eagle Cliff, The Profile, and Mount Lafayette. It is on a level plain, a few acres in area, in the bosom of the hills. It has two approaches: on the north, from Bethlehem and Littleton—on the south, from the Flume House and the Pemigewasset Valley. Of the approach from Littleton we have elsewhere written. From Bethlehem, over the road from Crawford's, the approach is sometimes startling in its effect. The views shift with great rapidity; at one time are wholly concealed, at another break forth upon the traveller with surprising abruptness. Going up the slow ascent of the hill east of Bethlehem, with the Mount Washington range behind, the Franconia mountains on the left, and all northern New Hampshire on the right, the landscape is most enchanting. One almost wishes the hill longer. The village of Bethlehem itself is most picturesquely situated, and commands a view of wide expanse. But

beyond it is a hill tedious to climb, with scarcely a compensating scene to look upon, and one begins to wonder where the vaunted glories of the region are to be found. But on reaching the top of the hill a magnificent prospect stretches before him. Across the Franconia valley rise the lofty summits of Lafayette, with his seamed and scarred sides, and the kindred mountains standing like sentinels to guard the pass against profane intruders. Their irregularity is most picturesque, while, at the same time, they are most finely grouped. They stand out in most august proportions, relieved by the dark blue of the clear summer sky. We ride down the hill into the little village of Franconia, in a state of mingled admiration and awe. Then, entering the forest, we pass beneath its leafy arches to the rest and enjoyment of our temporary home.

The Profile House has been enlarged the past year by the addition of a new wing, containing a parlor nearly 100 by 50 feet, with fine rooms in the second and third stories; by an addition to the dining room, and by a new kitchen wing and a new landing. The house is now nearly twice the size of the former house, and is excelled by no hotel in the State. It is kept by Messrs. TAFT, TYLER & GREENLEAF. Mr. Taft has for nearly twenty years been associated with the hotels in Franconia Notch, and is thoroughly conversant with the country and the wants of travellers. Messrs. Tyler & Greenleaf are also well known to those who have frequently visited this region, and need no encomiums. If faithful attention, clean rooms, — such as Izaak Walton loved, — a profuse table, and beauty of locality

can furnish a desirable resting-place for the traveller, these are all to be found in this favored spot. The location of this hotel between the mountain peaks, the clear bracing air of the Notch, and the pure water of the hills, combine in giving one an excellent appetite and good digestion. This hotel has long been a favorite tarrying place for those accustomed to spend their leisure time among the mountains, and every year only adds to its popularity. The American Telegraph Company has an office in the hotel.

Echo Lake.

In the woods, to the north of the hotel, a short distance from the road over which we have just travelled, lies embosomed Echo Lake. It is a sheet of water of great depth and transparency, and, as it sleeps there in its secure repose, seems the very type of rest. All around rise the green hills of the region, Lafayette lifting his rocky summit high above them all. The setting is appropriate for this exquisite gem. One never wearies of the quiet scene. A little boat with paddles conveys the passenger to the middle of the lake, and to the different points where the best views may be obtained. Here are the centres of the most marvellous echoes. The sounds of a tin horn, blown with skill, will be returned in oft-repeated notes like the sweetest music. The human voice, shouting distinctly, will be reëchoed with wonderful effect, as though the invisible inhabitants of the hills were holding a colloquy with "the babbling gossip of the air." The report of a cannon fired on the shore will reverberate like peals of

thunder among the fastnesses of the mountains. In the stillness of morning, or in the quiet of the evening at the sunset hour, the lake is the resort of those who best know and can appreciate the wonders of the place. The wind is whist; the waters sleep; the mountains are silent; the purple glow is on all the trees and rocks. Then is the time to wake the slumbering echoes, and hear the many voices that reply. He who has not visited this lovely spot at this bewitching time, does not understand half the magical, secret beauty which lingers around Echo Lake.

Eagle Cliff.

Almost directly overhanging the hotel, on the north, is Eagle Cliff. It is a huge, columnar crag, separated from the crest of the mountain, and rising perpendicularly, with jagged rocks, seemingly ready to topple from its place in wide-spread ruin beneath. This precipitous cliff derives its name from the fact that it was chosen for an eyry by a pair of eagles several years ago. They were often to be seen circling around its summit, and looking down, as though with disdain, upon the gazing crowds below, who have invaded their solitude. But two or three years ago they were driven away by some over-curious explorers of their nests. No prouder position could be chosen for a habitation by this noble bird. It stands out in the picture a most prominent and majestic peak. Approached from the south, it is finely portrayed upon the background of the sky. A point about three fourths of a mile distant,

upon the border of Ferrin's Pond, or Profile Lake, furnishes the finest view. Its lofty crags are distinctly seen, as though rising from a bed of deepest green, formed by the luxuriant birches and vines that attempt to clamber up its sides. At sunrise or sunset, when all is dark in the valley, the rosy light softens the rude outline, and it shines out in clear brightness above the mists below. As you sit on the piazza of the hotel the cliff looms before you in gigantic proportions, a study for the present, and a glorious memory for the future to recall.

Profile Mountain.

Directly opposite Eagle Cliff, on the south side of the Notch, rises Cannon, or, as we prefer to call it, Profile Mountain. The former name is given on account of a supposed resemblance to a cannon which a rock upon its summit exhibits. The latter more appropriately belongs to it, since it bears upon the southern extremity of its crest the "Great Stone Face." The mountain is ascended by means of a footpath which seems to lead almost directly from the front of the hotel to the summit.

The ascent is somewhat difficult, requiring about two hours of wearisome climbing. But the extended prospect at the end of the journey amply compensates all the toils of the way. The view from the platform of denuded rock above, down the valley of the Pemigewasset, surpasses description. Nothing more beautiful will be found in this region. The silvery stream,

the quiet forests, the verdant meadows, the placid lakes, the clustering villages along the winding road, unite in a picture of enchanting loveliness. The surrounding peaks, and the towering heights of Washington and its peers, with the softly-swelling hills sloping away to the south, present all that one can imagine of the grand and of the beautiful in mountain scenery. A visit to Franconia is incomplete without the ascent of Profile Mountain. An outlay of a few dollars would complete an excellent saddle-path to its summit.

Bald Mountain.

There is, also, another pleasant mountain trip, even more immediately within the reach of every one than the ascent of Profile Mountain. A carriage road has been constructed recently to the very summit of Bald Mountain. The road leaves the regular highway a short distance to the north of the Profile House, and is easy and agreeable. From this summit — the broad basin of the Franconia valley forming the foreground, with the Bethlehem hills and the peaks of the northern New Hampshire hills in the distance — a noble view is to be obtained. The northern slopes of the Franconia mountains, seen from this near point, are brought into a closer companionship than from any other locality. This mountain has hitherto been little visited, but the facilities now afforded will undoubtedly render it a place of much resort. Those who are unwilling to undergo the fatigue of ascending the higher peaks, should not fail to avail themselves of this new road.

The summit is two and a half miles distant from the hotel.

Cascade.

Immediately behind the Profile House there is a cascade, which, from the facility with which it may be reached by the tourist, deserves our notice. A path, entering the woods in the rear of the old Lafayette House, and following the aqueduct which supplies the hotel with water, conducts, in a short and pleasant walk, to a brook, which, when swollen by a recent rain, presents a succession of cascades that will amply repay a visit. The bed of the brook lies for a long distance over a shelving ledge of sufficient extent to impress one adequately with the gigantic framework of our granite hills. This feature of the scene, together with the charming glimpses of Echo Lake and the surrounding mountains which are caught in the ascent, will render a visit to this cascade pleasant at any time. At one point a most exquisite view is obtained of the northern part of the Ammonoosuc valley. But only after a heavy rain, or amid melting snows, is this cascade seen to advantage, and one will often desire some such arrangement for displaying its capabilities as exists at the Catskill Falls. The best time to make a visit to this spot is at the close of day, before sunset, when, through the openings of the wood, the surrounding scenery appears in all its beauty. The view of Echo Lake and of the hills and woodland beyond, reaching far towards the Ammonoosuc, is of such exquisite

beauty that it alone will repay one for a visit to the cascades.

The great marvel and pride of this region is the

Profile.

As we walk down the road to the south of the hotel, we soon come to a rude bench by the wayside, and, attracted by the guide-board above it, inscribed with the single, simple word, "Profile," as we direct our eyes to the point which it indicates, the huge face, with all its features thoroughly delineated, stands out in bold outline before our sight. There it is, a colossal, completely symmetrical profile, looking down upon the valley from its lofty height, perfectly distinct and clear. The tourist may possibly think that this, like other wonderful stories of which veracious guide-books tell, may be a myth, and that the similarity may exist only in the fancy of the writer. But no! This time, at least, he will acknowledge that there is no delusion. Nature has carved out, with the most accurate chiselling, this astonishing sculpture. Every portion of the face is there upon the solid mountain steep. There is the stern, projecting, massive brow, as though stamped with the thought and wisdom of centuries. The nose is straight, finely cut, and sharply outlined. The thin, senile lips are parted, as though about to utter the thunders of majestic speech. The chin is well thrown forward, with exact proportionate length, betokening the hard, obstinate character of the "Old Man," who has faced, with such unmoving steadiness, the storms

of ages. The Sphinx of the Desert must acknowledge its inferiority to this marvellous face upon the mountain. When seen in the morning, as the mists float up from the valley beneath and along its ponderous features, it looms into larger proportions still, and with the heavy gray beard, which sometimes settles upon its chin, and down its breast, it seems like the face of some hoary patriarch of antiquity. Some one has made the remark that "as men are accustomed to hang out before their shop doors certain signs to designate their respective occupations, so here God has sculptured this great Face to show that in these regions he makes MEN."

"It is not advisable," says one of the admirers of the Old Man of the Mountain, "to go to take your first look at him when the sun lights up the chasm of his granite cheek and the cavernous mystery of his bent brow. Go to him when, in the solemn light of evening, the mountain heaves up from the darkening lake its vast wave of luxuriant foliage. Sit on one of those rocks by the roadside, and look, if you can, without awe, at the Granite Face, human in its lineaments,

supernatural in its size and position, weird-like in its shadowy mystery, but its sharp outline wearing an expression of mortal sadness, that gives it the most fascinating interest." The view in the margin is an exact representation of the Profile alone, as it appears to the observer. It was doubt-

less an object of veneration to the aboriginal inhabitants. Various traditionary tales are yet extant respecting the superstitious homage once paid to it by the Indian tribes who frequented the locality. Relics of their life, and singular utensils of a former generation, have been found near it. To the whites, however, it has been little known till within the last forty years. In the early part of the present century the road that passes along this way was laid out, and in clearing the land of the trees that impeded the path the Profile was discovered. Since that time it has been an object of the most absorbing interest. The genius of Hawthorne has embalmed it in our literature, and his story of "The Great Stone Face" can only be read appreciatively beneath its shadow. We give a view of the "Old Man," engraved from a photograph.

To those who are curious in exploration, the opportunity is easily improved of ascending by a footpath across the summit of the mountain to the point above the profile. It has been ascertained that the height of the "Old Man" is very nearly fifteen hundred feet above the level of the little lake below it, and that the length of the face is from sixty to eighty feet. In the many conflicts with the elements which it has endured, it has been roughened and scarred. But from the road no such appearance is presented, except through a telescope, and the face appears fair and smooth. The precipice, of which it forms the extremity, is not unlike the palisades of the Hudson in appearance. It extends for nearly two miles along the escarp-

ment of the mountain, and is a prominent part of the scenery of the section. The Profile itself undergoes many changes, according to the point of observation. It changes from its severe facial outline to a jagged and apparently shapeless mass of rocks, or to a face with a flat forehead, or with a huge Roman nose, or to the unmeaning and retreating countenance of some wild animal. It is only at the place where the guide-board is erected that the Profile is to be most distinctly seen. One can spend an hour or two no more profitably than by gazing upon its fascinating and wonderful linea-

ments, and he will return to look upon it once more, that it may be the last remembrance, ere he bids farewell to this delightful spot.

Profile Lake.

Immediately below the Face, as though Nature would provide for her creation an appropriate mirror, nestles the beautiful sheet of water known as Ferrin's Pond. Why not call it by a better and more appropriate name? Let it be baptized Profile Lake; or, if one desires a more fanciful title, The Old Man's Mirror. The more prosaic call it The Old Man's Washbowl! By whatever name it may be called, no appellation will ever detract from or add to its simple loveliness. It lies there, surrounded by rich, rolling forests, and above it the precipitous mountain. Its crystal depths reflect the overhanging trees, and its bright expanse smiles joyously in the sunlight. The very finest trout live in its waters — as though only the choicest and most delicate of fish were suited to inhabit such a pure abode. We cannot help thinking how the Greek love of the beautiful would have peopled all this region with the creations of its sacred mythology. Even the cold fancy of Occidental nature warms beneath the genial influence, and breaks forth in the most demonstrative admiration.

Mt. Lafayette

is twelve hundred feet below Mt. Washington in height,

and the view from its summit is thought by many to equal that from its rival's crest. A good footpath leads up its rocky sides, and the persevering lover of Nature, who is not afraid to make exertion, and is willing to expend his strength, will be most abundantly rewarded for his labors. Horses are kept in readiness for the ascent of this lofty peak, at the stable at the base of the mountain. Sojourners at the hotel, by recording their names, will be called for, carried to the stable, and furnished with horses and guides, at an expense of $3.00 each. The ascent and return occupy about five hours.

Entering the woods from the road, about two and a half miles below the Profile House, the ascending path immediately commences. Near the point of divergence once stood the Lafayette House, a comfortable hotel, which received its due share of patronage. It was destroyed by fire in the spring of 1861, and the ruins of the burned edifice lie scattered about the place. From this spot, for a few miles, the ascent is somewhat steep and difficult, leading up the side of the mountain. The thick forest, vocal with the songs of woodland birds, overhangs the way, rendering the ride an agreeable experience. Emerging from the woods, upon the bare rock, opposite to, but higher than the Profile Mountain, one can look down into the mouth of the Notch upon the plateau on which the Profile House is situated, and out into the valley of the south branch of the Ammonoosuc beyond. The northern view is, from this point, delightful, and in a clear day exhibits a beautiful pano-

rama of river, plain, village, and surrounding hills. The path now strikes off to the right towards the summit, which is in plain sight for the remainder of the way. The same phenomena of vegetation appear here as upon Mount Washington — the stunted trees, the alpine flowers, the mosses clinging to the rocks. Still the path winds gently on, approaching the summit by a long, but not wearisome ascent.

At last the goal is reached, and comfortable shelter is found in a house erected in that lonely spot for the accommodation of visitors. After a momentary rest, the wide prospect invites the eye. The southern valley of the Pemigewasset opens its beauties, showing its charming contour for a distance of forty miles, as far as Plymouth. On the east, Washington rears his imperial head, with his attendant range. North-eastwardly, pointed Katahdin cleaves the air, and the white hills of Stratford gleam in the north. Passing around the horizon, the eye rests admiringly upon the softened outline of northern New Hampshire and Vermont, the rounded summits of the Green Mountains, the sloping country of the south-west, broken by Monadnock and Kearsarge. Directly beneath the eye are the Profile, Echo Lake, — like a crystal gem in its emerald setting, — the pleasant farms of Lisbon and Landaff; while a little farther yet, as it were nestling around its base, are the villages of Littleton and Bethlehem, and farther still, Wells River, and the towns in the Connecticut Valley. Altogether, it is a view more beautiful, in some respects, though it may be less grand and majestic,

than that from Washington. Here, indeed, as Bryant sings of Monument Mountain, —

* * * "Thou shalt not look
Upon the green and rolling forest tops,
And down the secrets of the glens
And streams that, with their bordering thickets, strive
To hide their windings. Thou shalt gaze, at once,
Here on white villages, and tilth, and herds,
And swarming roads; and there on solitudes
That only hear the torrent, and the wind,
And eagle's shriek. * * * The scene
Is lovely round; a beautiful river there
Wanders amid the fresh and fertile meads,
The Paradise He made unto himself,
Mining the soil for ages. On each side
The fields swell upward to the hills; beyond,
Above the hills, in the blue distance, rise
The mountain columns with which earth props heaven."

There is upon the mountain, located on one of its most inaccessible points, a strange-looking stone, of large size and unusual form. It was named by those who discovered it, "The Altar," from a fancied resemblance which they discerned to the old Runic remains of a similar character. The mountains have always been sacred places. Olympus has its classic fame as the seat of Jove; Sinai, Horeb, and Carmel have their divine associations; Olivet is held in affectionate veneration, as there seem to linger, even yet, among its wooded heights, the accents of the Saviour's voice of prayer. Lafayette might well awe the rude worshippers of the forest and the wild, and teach them of the presence of the Great Spirit.

Besides these attractions immediately about the Pro-

file House, there are others in the Valley of the Notch, and within easy reach, which the traveller must not fail to visit, unless he would render his tour incomplete. They are all within the circle of a pleasant driving distance, and nearly all within the command of good pedestrians, without abandoning the excellent hotel which is so admirably situated under the shadow of the Eagle's Cliff. To reach these places of resort, one must make excursions down through the valley south of the hotel. We would first call attention to

Walker's Falls.

About two miles and a half south of the hotel, just below the tree fashioned by Mr. Walker into an observatory, which is now badly out of repair, a mountain rivulet crosses the road. By following up this, or by striking directly into the woods from the observatory, will be found, after a walk of half a mile, the first of the falls to which this name is given. As the quantity of water is never very large, and the perpendicular descent less than in many other mountain streams, these falls will doubtless be overlooked by many. But

> "In the wood's dark coolness,
> Where the path grows rougher and more steep,
> Where the trees stand thick in leafy fulness,
> And the moss lies green in shadows deep,"—

is one of the most picturesque of the mountain cascades. Were the water away, you would see a regular succession of stone steps extending across the whole breadth of the bed of the stream. For a distance of about thirty

feet the water glides over these, dissolving into spray, in which a rainbow is almost always to be seen as you stand at the base. But clambering through the woods, you stand at the head of this cascade, and now, immediately above you, the water rushes down a descent of not less than fifty feet. The fall is irregular, being broken here and there by the huge blocks of granite, against which the water dashes with a rage which is lost in foam.

Half a mile farther on there is a longer and more picturesque fall. It descends at one leap a distance of about sixty feet, while above this, too, there are long and tumultuous slides over the rocks which tenant all the hill-sides. The sides of the brook are of precipitous rocks, somewhat resembling those of the Flume, though not so high nor so contracted. A forenoon or an afternoon will suffice for the ramble, which will be found exceedingly satisfactory.

Proceeding another mile to the south, we reach

The Basin.

The waters of the Pemigewasset, flowing from Profile Lake, after tumbling in many a beautiful cascade over the rocks that lie in their course, find their way, with many meanderings, to this point near the roadside. Here they fall over a rocky ledge, a few feet in height, into a deep hollow in the solid granite. The diameter of this rocky basin, formed by the continual action of the water and mingled stones and bowlders from above, is about thirty feet in its shortest width,

and forty feet in its longest. Its circumference is not far from sixty feet. Its depth is of such proportions, — ordinarily of fifteen feet, — as to form a by no means shallow bowl, which is always filled with cold, pure, and pellucid water. On one side the rocks jut ever the mimic depths, forming a dam for the flowing stream, thus producing the most exquisite of waterfalls. The embankment surrounding it is covered, in the proper season, with green mosses and sweet flowers, with their delicate bells

"Tolling their perfume on the passing air."

At the other extremity, where the delivered waters, free from their temporary imprisonment, make their way out, singing as they go, is a fissure in the rock, forming another little waterfall. Upon one side is a peculiar conformation of the granite, which, by a slight stretch of the fancy, can be said to resemble a titanic leg and foot, scooped out and polished by the ever-flowing current. As you look down into these transparent waters, the bed of the basin can be distinctly seen, so fair and clear is their emerald purity. One is almost tempted to fling aside his outer garments and plunge into this luxurious and delicious bath. It is certainly fit for the ablutions of a goddess. There is a peculiar and almost magical charm about the basin, which enchains you to its margin, and will not let you go free. You are obliged at last to tear yourself away, with many regrets that the time of your sojourn amid these beautiful haunts of Nature is so brief. But

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

and your recollection will often recur to these distant scenes, as you live over again, in delighted memory, the joys of other days.

Cascades.

A rude bridge of logs is thrown across the brook at the outlet of the Basin, more for purposes of convenience than as an enhancement of the beauty of the spot. Crossing this, and following up the path for about two hundred rods, one discovers a succession of cascades of the most exquisite loveliness. The path is not very well worn, but can be easily traced. The tourist must follow it to its end, and he will pronounce this to be one of the most enchanting places in the region. The cascades show an infinite variety of beautiful forms, and end at last in a waterfall through a narrow cleft in the rocks of the hillside, of twenty or thirty feet in height. The banks of the stream are lined with the richest foliage, and openings among the trees disclose at intervals the rugged sides of Lafayette. The majority of travellers do not explore this region, but are contented with a passing glance at the Basin, and thereby lose almost the finest portion of the scenery. The best way to enjoy these places is to ramble about at one's own sweet will, and meet with surprises at every step, as Nature presents her pictures. Let no one forget to examine the course of the little stream now before him. He will find all along its way the most numerous objects to give him pleasure and satisfaction.

A mile or two farther, and we reach the

Flume House.

No site can be more full of beauty than that which is occupied by this commodious hotel. Directly in front is Mt. Liberty, with its fancied resemblance to the profile of George Washington, closing the view of the "forest primeval," with its shades of rich green foliage, its quiet groves, and its soft and pleasant paths. On the north is the picturesque Notch, with all its surroundings in bold outline. From the southern piazza, the whole Pemigewasset valley is in sight, unequalled for the variety which the wide prospect exhibits. No one can sit on this piazza at the close of day, to watch the glories of the sunset, and note the charming effects produced on "hill and dale, and pleasant intervale," without rejoicing in the good fortune which led him to make the Flume House his temporary home. It is with a feeling of genuine regret that we are obliged to announce that this delightfully situated hotel is not to be open for the reception of visitors during the present season.

The Flume and the Cascades.

In the immediate neighborhood of the Flume House are the three chief remaining objects of interest at the Franconia mountains. These are the Flume, the Cascade, and the Pool. The former is in a southeasterly direction from the hotel, about three quarters of a mile distant. A good road leads to the lower

part of the CASCADE below the Flume. Thence, a footpath leads up the course of the stream. Crossing and recrossing at intervals, clambering up the sides of steep rocks, again following the bed of the stream itself, one finds at every forward movement something to admire. The Cascade is a continuous fall — a sheet of molten silver, on the smooth and polished rock — of more than six hundred feet. The descent is very gradual, with occasional abruptness. With the murmur of its waters in the ear, and its marvellous beauty in the eye, we ascend to the Flume itself. No more wild and striking view can be imagined. For seven or eight hundred feet or more the stream pours its volume along a rocky bed, which breaks it up into numberless waterfalls, between two mural precipices, that lift themselves on either side, crowned with the abundant foliage of the forest. The height of these walls is from sixty to seventy feet. The width between them is a general average of twenty feet, except at the upper end. Here the walls approach each other. Suddenly contracting to about ten feet, they hold, suspended between them, about midway up their sides, a huge bowlder of granite. So nicely is it adjusted, and so slight appears its hold, that one would think the gentlest touch sufficient to push it from its resting-place into the ravine below. By what process it has fallen into its present position — indeed, in what manner this remarkable fracture of the rock has taken place — is a puzzle for scientific heads. Its presence greatly adds to the

wildness of the scene. We are content with that, and do not care to speculate about its cause. In general, one can follow the stream through this narrow gorge, — not without trepidation as he passes beneath the suspended mass, — and, by climbing the rocky heights, can obtain a capital view from above. The trunk of a tree lies across the chasm, forming a temporary and precarious bridge. We would suggest to the proprietors of the hotels to fell one or more trees, and give a safer foothold to those adventurers who are desirous of seeing all the wonders of the place. In the autumn, when the forests are rich in purple, crimson, and

gold, or in the winter, when the ravine is filled with snow, and icicles hang from the cliffs, and the little stream bursts through its partial confinement, the scene is one of great grandeur. In the luxuriance of summer it is more fresh and glowing, the verdure of the woods relieving the nakedness of the rocks. In all seasons it is a place for study, for reflection, and delight.

The scene most forcibly suggests to one the following lines from Shelley's Cenci:—

"But I remember,
Two miles on this side of the fort, the road
Crosses a deep ravine; 'tis rough and narrow,
And winds with short turns down the precipice;
And in its depth there is a mighty rock,
Which has, from unimaginable years,
Sustained itself with terror and with toil
Over a gulf, and with the agony
With which it clings, seems slowly coming down;
Even as a wretched soul hour after hour
Clings to the mass of life; yet, clinging, leans,
And, leaning, makes more dark the dread abyss
In which it fears to fall: beneath this crag,
Huge as despair, as if in weariness,
The melancholy mountain yawns — below,
You hear but see not an impetuous torrent
Raging among the caverns, and a bridge
Crosses the chasm; and high above there grow,
With intersecting trunks, from crag to crag,
Cedars, and yews, and pines, whose tangled hair
Is matted in one solid roof of shade
By the dark ivy's twine. At noonday here
'Tis twilight, and at sunset blackest night."

Returning from the Flume, we find the path to the

Pool,

directly in front of the hotel, leading straight into the woods. A walk of three quarters of a mile, beneath the overhanging branches, brings us to this famous and wonderful formation. A deep excavation, as though hewn by human hands, in the granite, holds the waters, which enter by a cascade from the upper, and escape through an opening in the mass of rocks at the lower extremity. The width of the Pool is about a hundred and fifty feet; its depth about forty feet. From the brink of the wall above to the surface below, the distance is very nearly one hundred and fifty feet. It is a place of the most wondrous attraction. It may not have the charm of the Basin and the Cascades, but it is more secluded, and the sight of it is a sufficient return for the toils of the way, if toils they may be called. The rambling wood-path, and the stroll along its pleasant way, can never be toilsome to the true lover of Nature, even though so worthy an object of admiration as is the Pool were not at its termination. An old enthusiast, who appears to live in a boat of somewhat novel construction, upon the waters of this retired Pool, will, for a small gratuity, give any one who desires it a ride in his ark-like dwelling, and will propound a theory of creation not found in standard authorities. He has also constructed a path from the Pool to the Flume, which much shortens the distance between the two places, but which is somewhat difficult, though not wholly impracticable, to ladies.

Georgianna Falls.

About two miles below the Flume House, a path leads the tourist into the woods, to an object of exquisite beauty. A small farm-house stands upon the side of the Plymouth road, through the yard of which the way is taken directly to the banks of a small brook that empties into the Pemigewasset. Following up this brook into the clefts of the mountain that rises above it, there will soon be found a series of the most charming cascades. As the adventurous traveller pushes on through the forest, now over the surface of the rock, and now upon the soft, green bank, the captivated eye witnesses the loveliest landscape views, through the openings of the trees, to be found in this quarter. For nearly a mile the cascades continue to pour along their silvery flood. Resolutely proceeding, the tourist will at length arrive at a waterfall of larger magnitude than any previously discovered among these mountains. For a hundred or a hundred and fifty feet the water falls sheer down the precipice, through the mountain gorge. To one looking up, it seems as though it came from some perennial spring upon the summit that was pouring down its inexhaustible supply of never-failing water. From the top of the fall a view of the fertile meadows of the Pemigewasset may be seen, of indescribable beauty.

The accommodating and obliging guide, who may be found at the farm-house already mentioned, will show to the tourist a beautiful little sheet of water in one of

the hollows of the rock, which is called "The Mirror." It is described by those who have seen it in extravagant terms of admiration, while its surroundings are of the most lovely and charming character.

The place was visited for the first time by a party of gentlemen in September, 1858, and the name "Georgianna" was given to the falls, with all the ceremonies usual upon such festive occasions. The honor of discovery is disputed by a party of students from Harvard College, who gave the name of "Harvard Falls" to the beautiful cascade, doubtless with similar ceremonies. Let no one leave the Franconia Mountains without a visit to these falls, however named.

Having now completed the circuit of the mountain region, the traveller may find conveyance to reach the cars at Littleton, and return home by any of the various routes hereafter described. Or he may proceed through the lovely valley of the Pemigewasset to Plymouth, and thence by cars to Boston, visiting Lake Winnipesaukee on the way.

Lake Winnipesaukee.

Before proceeding to the account of routes, we will give a brief description of Lake Winnipesaukee, as it is usually visited on the way to or from the Mountains, and may be approached from different directions.

The lake lies in the two counties of Carroll and Belknap, and is very irregular in form. At the west end it is divided into three large bays; at the north is a fourth; and at the east end there are three others. Its general course is from north-west to south-east. From one extreme end to the other the distance is not far from twenty-five miles. The width varies from one to seven miles. The towns of Moultonborough, Wolfborough, Tuftonborough, Centre Harbor, Meredith, Gilford, and Alton lie upon its borders, while from the high land of more distant towns fine views can be obtained of its placid waters.

The waters of the lake descend four hundred and seventy-two feet in finding their way to the Atlantic. A rapid river of the same name with that of the lake, over which the railroad passes at Sanbornton Bridge, serves as its outlet to the Merrimack. The waters of Lake Winnipesaukee are remarkably clear, so that their finny inhabitants can be seen with great distinctness playing among the stones at the depth of many feet. The fish, of which there is a great variety, can frequently be caught at the steamboat wharves. The "oldest inhabitants," who know the haunts "where

fish do congregate," can convoy you to rare sport. There are several places about the lake where, for about two weeks, large numbers of smelts can be caught. Then all disappear, and none are seen till the recurrence of the same season. Formerly, before so many dams obstructed their course, the shad came up here from the sea, to leave their spawn in the shallow bays. An effort is being made, by the erection of fish-ways at the dams, to restore their ancient privileges.

Lake Winnipesaukee is a mountain lake. Yet it lacks almost all those wild, rough features of mountain scenery which usually characterize inland waters in mountainous regions. The mountains rise on all sides, but the shore, seen from the distance, is comparatively smooth and level. The islands, far from being precipitous and rocky, are covered with verdure, and seem to float like fairy barks upon the broad lake-mirror. The lake is usually approached in the calm and stillness of the noon-day sun. The spirit of repose, incident upon the hour and upon the escape from the hot, dusty cars, harmonizes with the green foliage of the islands and the quiet surface of the water. By and by, soon after starting, a mild, balmy breeze just ruffles the surface of the lake, and, giving yourself up to its genial influences, you no longer wonder at the Indian admiration which gave it the name of "The beautiful water in a high place," or, "The Smile of the Great Spirit," as some maintain.

The route by way of this lake is the finest approach to the White Hills. Here is a vast antecham-

ber, the entrance hall, from which you look up through the valley of the Saco to the towering peaks of the Mountains. Yet neither this, nor the impression of lofty mountain scenery, constitutes the charm of the lake view. It consists rather in the feeling of quiet and repose, the freedom from the care and turmoil of busy life, engendered by the exquisite harmony of the outlines of the surrounding mountains, seen either from the lake or from the hotels on the shores, and the inviting aspect of the little islands which every where glisten like emeralds on its bosom. The ever-varying hues of the landscape, running through the whole scale from sunrise to sunset, transforming the lake into an opal, in the eyes of Mr. King, are sources of perpetual delight. While among the mountains one is constantly incited to activity and to rambles requiring exertion; the tendency here is to enjoy the beauty of the scene while at rest, depending for variety upon the effects of sunlight and cloud.

But not at all times does the lake thus calmly receive its visitors. Geo. Wm. Curtis thus describes a visit to the lake, and a passage through a thunder-storm:—

"Let it be a moist, even showery, summer day in late July or early August, with heavy, dark clouds rolling and breaking, fringing with silver rays and shrouding in soft, evanescent mists the tops and sides of distant hills, while towards the west and south there are cool, sweet, tranquil depths of blue air above, and a sparkling, opaline sheen upon the shore. As you leave the Weirs in that neat, and pretty, and comfortable little

steamer, the Lady of the Lake, the green headlands near by will be brilliant with sunshine, but Red Hill will be muffled with solemn cloud, peering gravely through at times, and Ossipee will be utterly obscured, while on Belknap, at your right, the ground will seem to heave and roll, — so suddenly shifting are the dark cloud-shadows and bursts of sun. As you emerge upon the broader lake, far to the south the happy regions lie, calm skies and rosy peace. But as you head northward towards Centre Harbor, alluring coves and bays open and stretch away on every side to dusky mist and storm. A thick black cloud envelops Red Hill, shuts out the friendly shore, leaves only the nearer quiet wooded points, while the lightning darts, the thunder booms angrily, sullenly haunting the winding bottoms of the hills, or cracks and rattles sharply overhead, and the freshening breeze, that foreruns rain, scuds darkling and sparkling over the water, nearer and nearer, until with colder blast and deeper roar the serried legions of the storm dash furious on, and we are instantly enveloped in rattling, blinding rain, and fierce, chill gusts that extinguish the shores.

"The tremendous rain streams by, and close before you lie the little white church and spire, and the cluster of neat houses that make the village of Centre Harbor, upon the very shore of the lake, and at the foot of hills that rise backward to heavy evergreen sides and summits; while at the right, as you face the village, Red Hill emerges, dark, and cool, and crisp, with even foliage, from the cloud that clings along the heights,

but ravels into shreds of mist around the base and up the dells."

There are two steamers that ply upon the lake; two points at which it may be approached from the south, and two points of departure for the mountains. The steamers are the Lady of the Lake and the Chocorua. The former plys between the Weirs, Centre Harbor, and Wolfborough, and the latter between Alton Bay, Wolfborough, Centre Harbor, and Meredith Village. The Boston, Concord, and Montreal Railroad connects with the former at Weirs, the Boston and Maine, and Cocheco Railroads connect with the latter at Alton Bay. Coaches for North Conway leave Centre Harbor daily about one o'clock, after the arrival of both boats, and Wolfborough at about the same hour, after the arrival of the Chocorua.

At the Weirs we embark upon the steamboat the LADY OF THE LAKE. This is a charming little steamer, and, under the safe protection of Capt. WINBORN A. SANBORN, we shall sail safely to Centre Harbor or Wolfborough. Near the Weirs, at the head of the river, had we time, we might see the old "Endicott Rock," with its quaint and curious carving. It was discovered a few years since by accident as a dam was building. It is supposed to be a monument or boundary mark made by two surveyors sent out by Gov. Endicott of Massachusetts.

But the tinkling of the signal-bell soon gives us warning that we are to leave the wharf. We wind our way through the numberless islands that crowd our

path. Red Hill now appears in sight, and then is lost behind an intervening island. An opening strait gives you a view of Rattlesnake Island. The reptile after which the island is named is even now to be found here. None have been seen elsewhere about the lake for many years. Mt. Belknap or Gunstock is also to be seen on the right, and on the opposite quarter Ossipee rears its bare head. This mountain the tourist will find difficulty in escaping. The road towards the Notch winds around its base, and not till a good part of it has been passed over on the way towards North Conway will the peak be fairly left behind. About three miles from the Weirs we reach Bear Island, which is nearly four miles long. Upon one of these numerous islands there resided, in 1851, "solitary and alone," an aged spinster, familiarly known as "Aunt Dolly." In this wild and romantic spot, almost entirely cut off from the world, she lived in hermit independence, taking care of her corn, her few sheep, and occasionally rowing her own skiff to the main land. At length, after a sail of ten miles, we reach CENTRE HARBOR. It is of this trip that Edward Everett speaks as follows: "I have been something of a traveller in our own country, — though far less than I could wish, — and in Europe have seen all that is most attractive, from the Highlands of Scotland to the Golden Horn of Constantinople — from the summit of the Hartz Mountains to the Fountain of Vaucluse; but my eye has yet to rest on a lovelier scene than that which smiles around you as you sail from Weirs' landing to Centre Harbor."

Should the traveller have leisure to spend upon this beautiful lake, he cannot do better than continue his journey to WOLFBOROUGH. The distance from Centre Harbor is about twenty miles, and is usually accomplished in two hours. For the first mile or two the course pursued is the same as that over which he has just passed. But he soon leaves the old path, and passes through a broader portion of the lake than that just traversed. It is a most delightful trip in a clear morning or pleasant evening. At sunset, particularly, and when the evening shades begin to prevail, is had the finest view of the distant mountains, with their ever-changing aspects.

ALTON BAY is the most southern point of the seven great bays of Winnipesaukee Lake. The hotel, depot, and steamboat wharf, constitute almost the only buildings of the place. Should the tourist wish for a quiet resting-place for a few days, Mr. DOWNING, the landlord of the hotel, will render him every assistance to while away his time. Board may be had here at the rate of $10.00 per week and upwards. There is an excellent livery stable connected with the hotel, and there are many pleasant drives in the vicinity. Among these may be mentioned Sharp's Hill, from which an admirable view of the lake can be had. Lougee Pond, about six miles distant, is noted for tame fish. The pleasantest excursion, however, is to the summit of Mt. Belknap, about ten miles distant. The fare for a party in a mountain wagon is $1.50 each. The excursion will occupy all of one day, and the delight

will amply repay one for the time spent. If for no other purpose than this, one should arrange to spend a day at Alton Bay.

The steamer Chocorua, but recently newly built, a pleasant and commodious boat, moving with great rapidity and steadiness, makes regular trips between Alton, Wolfborough, and Centre Harbor, connecting with the stages at the two latter points. The tourist will find Capt. A. WIGGIN, formerly captain of the steamer Dover, a gentlemanly and agreeable commander. Capt. Wiggin is thoroughly acquainted with the lake, having been long connected with the lake steamers.

The distance from Alton Bay to Wolfborough is about ten miles, and to Centre Harbor about thirty miles, thus sailing nearly the entire length of the lake. In fact no one who visits the lake should fail to take a trip to Alton Bay, if he come by the other route; nor should he fail to take the trip to the Weirs, if his first impressions are received by the Alton Bay route, as there are beauties of scenery, which should not be lost, peculiar to each.

Alton Bay, originally christened "Merrymeeting Bay," seems entirely shut in by the hills which rise on each side, and by what, as you advance, proves to be an island in the distance. It is hardly necessary to do more than allude to the picturesque and varied scenery of this pleasant sail. The boat winds its way among the numerous islands, giving the traveller occasional glimpses of the distant ranges of mountains in the

north, as well as abundant opportunity to study the contour of the peaks upon the immediate borders of the lake.

If it falls to the lot of the traveller to be near the lake on some bright moonlight evening, he should not fail to inquire if a moonlight excursion is to take place. These excursions are frequently made by parties from neighboring towns, who charter the boat for that purpose. They even come, at times, from Concord and from Dover on extra trains. A ticket for the excursion can easily be obtained. Rather than attempt any suggestion of the beauties of the lake at such a time, we leave it to be actually realized or imagined.

As there are two points of approach and departure, so there are two places of favorite resort on the shores of the lake, Centre Harbor and Wolfborough. At each there are, first-class hotels.*

WOLFBOROUGH.

The village of Wolfborough is delightfully situated on two beautiful slopes of land rising from a bay of the lake. The PAVILION, which is one of the largest and most comfortable houses in the region, is admirably situated on the rising ground. Both rooms and veranda command a lovely view across the beautiful bay, out upon the open lake, and across that to Belknap, whose noble form is grandly outlined against the southern sky. Mr. A. L. HOWE is landlord of this hotel. Visitors will be sure of receiving every attention they can desire, and will find the tables supplied with all the

* See Addenda.

delicacies of the season, and the rooms neat and airy. The hotel is a modern erection, and has just been enlarged by the addition of some thirty rooms. It has long been known to the travelling community, and has been a favorite resort for those who wish to spend a few weeks upon the shores of the lake. Horses and carriages can be obtained at the livery stables. Boats for fishing parties or sailing excursions are also to be had.

Copple Crown Mountain,

about 2100 feet high, is five miles from Wolfborough, and may be easily ascended. Carriages from the hotel convey you within about a mile of the summit, from which point horses can be obtained for the ascent if desired. The carriage fare is $1.00, and the charge for the horse for the ascent fifty cents. The view from the summit is thought by many to equal that from Red Hill, and is certainly very delightful. The lake, which forms a part of all views in this vicinity, is visible for nearly its whole length. Belknap and Gunstock, with the mountains of the Merrimack valley, stretch away towards the west. To the south is a fine view of the more level part of the State, forest and meadow, with ponds and villages distinctly visible. The Ossipee and Sandwich ranges tower above the lake to the north-west. Almost due north, Chocorua, with Mount Washington proudly preëminent above it, indicates the region of the White Mountains. In a clear day the ocean can be seen.

Adjoining Copple Crown, on the north-east, is a smaller mountain, of singular formation, called "Tumble-down-Dick." This mountain, though about the same distance from the hotel, is more easily ascended than Copple Crown. The view from the summit is very similar to that already described, though it possesses the advantage of having Copple Crown in the field of vision.

Stages leave Wolfborough daily for Conway and North Conway, connecting at the latter place with stages for the Glen House and the Crawford House. The road passes to the east of Ossipee, skirting the shores of Ossipee Lake, a small sheet of water, and joins the road from Centre Harbor in Madison.

Centre Harbor.

This beautiful summer retreat is situated on the northern shores of the lake, between Winnipesaukee and Squam Lakes. Its fine location and beautiful scenery have long made it a favorite resort for those accustomed to frequent the lake region of New Hampshire. The fine excursions which can be made along the shores of the lake, — around the "ring" skirting on Squam Lake, or to Red Hill, — render it very attractive. Good boats are also to be had for fishing parties upon the lake.

The Senter House, by J. L. Huntress, is a large and pleasant hotel. It is situated on the rising ground facing the lake. The view, from the piazza, of the quiet bay, sheltered by the hills, and guarded at its en-

trance by a little island, of the lake beyond, gleaming in the sunlight, and of the mountains which surround the lake, is exquisitely lovely. It has been often painted and engraved. The hotel, one of the best in the mountain region, is commodious and well furnished, and has been long and favorably known for the convenience of its arrangements, the perfection of its table, and the courtesy of the proprietor. An extensive livery stable is connected with the hotel. MOULTON'S HOTEL, a smaller house near by, is well kept.

The chief object of interest in the immediate vicinity of Centre Harbor is

Red Hill.

From this hill, about four miles distant, in Moultonborough, the best view of the lake and circumjacent scenery can be obtained. Its height, two thousand five hundred feet, places before the eye of the observer an extensive, varied, and picturesque tract of country, perhaps nowhere excelled in New England. It is by no means difficult to climb. There is a wagon-path to the base, and thence well-trained horses convey you to the summit. The top is destitute of trees and bushes, and affords an uninterrupted prospect far and wide. In clear days the peaks of the White Mountains are dimly discernible in the far north; the Ossipee Mountains appear in the east; a little to the north, Chocorua, recalling its Indian tradition, rears its craggy summit; and still farther away the mountains of Maine close in the view. Kearsarge and Monadnock are plainly visible at the south-west, with Belknap at the south-east. Squam Lake, six miles long, with its beautiful green islands, fringed with beaches of white sand, is glittering in the sunshine on the west.

But to the south and east lies Winnipesaukee, the gem of all New England lakes. The ascent of Red Hill is usually made in the forenoon; but, to enjoy the exquisite loveliness of Winnipesaukee, it should be made in the afternoon or in the early morning. In the middle of the day the blinding glare of the sun upon the water almost robs it of the quiet beauty of its softness and harmony. But in the afternoon the sun

illumines with a genial glow the calm expanse of the distant surface of the lake; the rippling waves just reflect its image; the hundred islands assume their peculiar form of grace and loveliness; the mountains on the opposite shore, from a glow of crimson, change to a brown purple, as the lingering rays of the setting sun leave them one by one; while the advancing shadows of those nearer to you change to a new form the fairy outline of the lake. Beyond extends

> "A slumb'rous stretch of mountain-land, far seen,
> When the low westering day, with gold and green,
> Purple and amber, softly blended, fills
> The wooded vales, and melts among the hills."

If, too, you are early riser enough to see, from its summit, the sun roll up majestically from behind the opposite hills, you will acknowledge that Lake Winnipesaukee possesses a charm and beauty peculiar to itself.

Coaches leave Centre Harbor for Conway and North Conway regularly every day, soon after the arrival of the morning boats from the Weirs and Alton Bay. Ample time is allowed for dining on board the boats, or after landing at the excellent hotel just spoken of. The distance to North Conway is thirty-five miles.

The route to North Conway is through the towns of MOULTONBOROUGH, SANDWICH, TAMWORTH, MADISON, and CONWAY. In Moultonborough are found many relics of the Indians, which render it probable that it was once the seat of the Ossipees. Sandwich is merely touched upon in one corner. SQUAM LAKE is about

three miles from the main road, and, were it not for the proximity of Winnipesaukee, would be considered worthy of a visit.

Expecting that many who visit the lake will prolong their journey up the valley of the Saco, we will here describe the route from the lake to the Glen House and the Crawford House.

TAMWORTH is sixteen miles from Centre Harbor. Thence riding along the shores of Six Mile Pond — a beautiful sheet of water lying in the town of Madison — after a drive of fourteen miles, Conway is reached. Ossipee signifies "Pine River." Ossipee Pond is also sometimes called Pequawket Lake.

In this latter part of the drive a fine view is obtained of Chocorua ("The old Bear"). It is one of the most notable of the lower peaks of the White Mountain range. It is 3,358 feet high, and without vegetation, other than such as a few blueberries or cranberries create. It is, in fact, a granite mountain, with pinnacles and precipices, sharp, angular peaks and unexpected descents — a countless myriad of great bowlders, hurled together by more than Titanic force. One of the peaks of Chocorua is the scene of the tragic incident from which the peak derives its name, so beautifully narrated by Mrs. Seba Smith.

CONWAY,

though the gate to the mountain region, is one of the most level towns in the State. In itself it possesses few objects of interest. In the vicinity, however, are

brooks well stocked with trout. Most of the objects of interest in North Conway, also, are accessible from this place. The CONWAY HOUSE, kept by L. H. EASTMAN, an excellent hotel, and one of the best and most thoroughly built and convenient houses among the mountains, has just been newly furnished.

Five miles beyond Conway, in the valley of the Saco, and surrounded on all sides by mountains, lies

NORTH CONWAY,

the favorite resort of our New England artists. Many families visit this place in the summer season to avoid the noise, bustle, and expense of large hotels. The Saco River here is from ten to twelve rods wide, and usually about two feet deep. It has been known to rise twenty-seven, and even thirty, feet in twenty-four hours. There are three hotels here: the WASHINGTON HOUSE, by OTIS TRUE, the KIARSARGE HOUSE, by SAMUEL W. THOMPSON, and the NORTH CONWAY HOUSE, by N. R. MASON. The price of board varies from $10.00 per week upwards, or for transient visitors $3.00 per day. There are also numerous farm-houses in the vicinity, at which good accommodations may be obtained at a somewhat more moderate price.*

The village of North Conway is situated on the upland overlooking the intervals of the Saco. On the east is the range of hills, the larger of which is called Middle Mountain, with Kearsarge or Pequawket rising in lonely dignity a little to the north. On the west

*See addenda.

bank of the river can be seen the group called Moat Mountain, with the peaks of Chocorua in the distance. But the chief and surpassing glory of the place is the view up the Saco Valley, with Mt. Washington in the distance. A finer view can nowhere be obtained of Mt. Washington and the attendant peaks. Although the appearance of the mountains is ever varying, — now by the position of the sun, now by the fogs and mists, and now by the clouds which sometimes entirely obscure the summits, — still the best time to gaze upon them is when they are illuminated by the slanting rays of the sun at the close of a pleasant day. The shadows can be seen stealing up the mountain sides one by one, hastening with greater rapidity as they near their goal; the summits farthest east of Washington then lose their golden raiment, and adopt a more sombre hue; then the peaks to the west, and finally Mt. Washington, as it was the first to greet, so it is the last to say farewell to the lingering rays of light. During the day the preëminence of Washington was distinctly visible, but now relieved against the sky it appears still more plainly. With the aid of a little imagination, a lay figure may be seen from their outlines — Adams and Jefferson forming the head, Washington the breast, and Webster and the other mountains the remainder of the body.

There are several walks and drives in the vicinity of North Conway. The first of these excursions, to which we would call attention, is that to

Artist's Falls.

To reach this charming, though quiet and retired spot, you must retrace your steps for a short distance towards Conway. Just after crossing the bridge at the foot of a small hill, you turn abruptly to the left, leaving the road, and, after a walk of half a mile, you will reach the place. A little stream of water, which once turned a mill-wheel, glides down a short descent. There is nothing wonderful or striking in the volume of water or the greatness of the descent; yet the beauty of the whole scene, the picturesque grouping of the rocks, and the grateful shade of the forest trees, have caused it to be frequently portrayed upon the canvas. Those who see it often are most impressed by its charms.

Echo Lake, Cathedral, and the Ledges.

These can perhaps be most conveniently visited in a single afternoon's ride. They are all situated on the opposite side of the river, about three miles distant. Echo Lake, a beautiful sheet of water lying at the very base of Moat Mountain, is well worth visiting, even were it wanting in the wonderful echo from which it derives its names. The stillness of the sunset hour seems most inspiring to the genius of the place.

The "White Horse," which is visible from the village, is a figure of a horse pictured upon the perpendicular sides of the cliffs. These cliffs extend along the mountain side for a distance of four or five miles.

They vary in height from one to eight hundred feet. A ride directly along their base will give one a far better idea of their size than that gained from a distant view. The road is quite pleasant, winding along the bank of the Saco, and has many extended views. It is in one of these cliffs that "the Cathedral" is situated. This is a natural cavity formed in the solid granite. The wall, rising some eighty feet, gradually inclines outward, forming a magnificent arch, roofed with solid rock. Trees, which have been for many years attaining their present size, form the other wall of this natural temple. The floor, which is some twenty feet in width, is strewn with large blocks of granite, which have evidently fallen from the roof above. Though the ascent to the Cathedral is somewhat arduous, it is worth while to make the attempt.

Diana's Bath

is situated on the same side of the Saco, a little farther to the north than the Cathedral. It is one of the most beautiful places about Conway. It is necessary for one to see, in order to realize its exquisite beauty, as no description, however minute or elaborate, can convey an adequate idea of its peculiar charms. The approach is along a pleasant woodland path, from which you descend upon a slightly inclined table of granite, over which the water gently flows here and there in rivulets, broken into miniature falls by the jutting rocks. As you ascend the stream a little way you discover a beautiful fall, of some ten feet in height.

The overhanging trees throw a pleasant shade around, inviting one to agreeable repose. Above this, and indeed in many places below, are great numbers of holes or basins in rock, smoothly polished by the action of the water. It is from these, or perhaps from the largest, which is not less than ten feet in diameter, and more than ten feet deep, that the place derives its name. As you look into the limpid water with which they are filled, sparkling like crystal in the sun, or calm and quiet under the shadow of some overhanging tree, so that you may almost see the water sprites floating in the depths, you will readily acknowledge it to be such a bath as the goddess would have chosen for herself. An hour or two may be very agreeably spent in exploring the hidden beauties which are disclosed only to the observing eye.

Mount Pequawket or Kiarsarge.

which is about three miles distant from the village, is 3,367 feet above sea level. Several years ago a hotel was erected upon its summit, which has now much fallen into decay. It has been once or twice struck by lightning. It still, however, affords shelter from a passing shower, and from the observatory on the roof you obtain a better and less obstructed view than from below.

At a house near the base horses and a guide can be obtained for the ascent. $2.00 are charged for each horse, and $2.00 more for the services of the guide. The ascent, however, is by no means difficult for pedes-

trians, and can safely be made without the guide. The time required for the ascent is not far from two hours. The path can be ascended with horses to the very summit.

As this is the highest peak south of the mountains in this direction, the view from its summit is especially fine. The whole White Mountain range is visible, with Mt. Washington most prominent. Nothing intervenes to cut off the view of the whole of the latter peak. The minor hills, which somewhat obstruct the view below, are entirely lost sight of by the great elevation. Then towards the south-east is seen the broad expanse of comparatively level land towards Portland. Sebago Lake, Lovewell's Pond, and many other smaller bodies of water, agreeably diversify the face of the country. Winnipesaukee Lake is hidden by the mountains upon its shores. The sharp peaks of Chocorua, with the Moat and Middle Mountains in the foreground, can also be seen with great distinctness. The course of the Saco can be traced almost from its source, as it winds its way among the intervals, and finally bends away into Maine. A good glass will be of material aid. This mountain should by no means be neglected by those who are desirous to obtain the best views of the mountain ranges. It is undoubtedly the best point, on this side of the White Mountains, to obtain a good view of Mt. Washington.

Stages leave North Conway every morning for the Glen House and the White Mountain Notch. The distance to the GLEN HOUSE is twenty-one miles; fare

$3.25. The distance to the CRAWFORD HOUSE, in the Notch, is twenty-eight miles; fare $3.00.

A pleasant ride of two miles brings us to

LOWER BARTLETT.

Just beyond the village we join the travel between the Glen House and the Crawford House. For a further description, see page 71.

DETAIL OF ROUTES.

ROUTES FROM NEW YORK TO BOSTON.

I. NEW YORK TO BOSTON, via Stonington and Providence; on Long Island Sound by steamboat to Stonington; thence to Providence and Boston by rail, arriving at Boston at 5 o'clock, A. M. Fare $5.00.

The steamers PLYMOUTH ROCK and COMMODORE leave their pier at New York late in the afternoon, making the passage in about seven hours, and in less time with favorable tides. These boats are universally acknowledged to be among the safest, most comfortable, and quickest upon the Sound, and the route is deservedly popular.

Starting from New York late in the afternoon, the passage is made through the East River into Long Island Sound before sunset. The other boats for Boston also start about the same time, and pass within view of the same scenes. As they pass on the one side, the quiet suburbs of Brooklyn, Williamsburg, and Green Point, and on the other the busy piers and streets of New York; the green islands, Blackwell's, Randall's, and others, which lie like emeralds upon the soft bosom of the river; the changing scenery, from urban bustle and activity to rural stillness and solitude; the

passenger on board will enjoy the calmness of the hour and the varied pleasure of the panoramic view. Soon the dangers of Hurl Gate are passed, the sun sinks below the city, rapidly left behind, and the long reach of the Sound is to be sailed over in darkness.

At one o'clock A. M., a safe arrival is made at Stonington, where a train of cars, with new English railway coaches, is in waiting for the immediate conveyance of passengers to Boston. The train passing through Providence, and traversing the entire length of Rhode Island, reaches Boston about six o'clock A. M. At Providence, the tourist can, if he choose, take the cars of the Providence and Worcester Railroad, and proceed to the Mountains via Worcester and Concord.

II. NEW YORK TO BOSTON, via Newport, on Long Island Sound by steamboat, from Newport by rail, arriving at Boston at 6 A. M. Fare $5.00.

By this route New York is left at the usual time by either of the fine steamers of the Newport line — the OLD COLONY or the NEWPORT. This line of travel extends through the whole length of Long Island Sound, and a small part of Narragansett Bay. The distance is but ten or fifteen miles farther than by the preceding route; the time and fare the same. The advantage of this route is, that opportunity is afforded for a good night's rest on board the boat, and for the passage north from Boston without material detention. The disadvantage would be, for passengers liable to sea-sickness, that there is more open sea to be trav-

ersed, and Point Judith, with the "much-sounding" waves that beat upon it, to be doubled. The boat arrives at Newport an hour or two before dawn. The cars arrive at Boston about 6 o'clock A. M., in season to obtain breakfast and go north at 7.30, from the different depots. One of the English railway coaches is attached to the train.

III. NEW YORK TO BOSTON, via New London and Norwich; on Long Island Sound to New London; thence by rail through Worcester, arriving at Boston about 6 A. M. Fare $5.00.

The new and commodious steamers CITY OF BOSTON and CITY OF NEW YORK leave their pier in New York at 5 P. M. These boats have few equals for elegance or comfort, and this route is considered by many the most convenient and favorable. On the return, this line of steamers affords the best accommodation, as the train that leaves the Franconia Mountains in the morning connects with this boat via Worcester, enabling the traveller to reach New York the next morning.

Half an hour after midnight the landing at NEW LONDON is safely reached, about 135 miles from New York, where the passengers leave the steamer and take the cars for Worcester.

At 4 o'clock A. M. the cars arrive at Worcester. If the tourist designs passing on to Concord, N. H., and thence to the mountains, he will experience a detention of two hours and a half, which can well be passed in a comfortable nap at the BAY STATE HOUSE.

The cars proceed directly on to Boston, arriving there at about the same time as by the other routes.

IV. NEW YORK TO BOSTON, by railroad, via New Haven, Hartford, Springfield, and Worcester.

The New York and Boston Express line — land route — is formed by the New York and New Haven, New Haven, Hartford, and Springfield, Western, and Boston and Worcester Railroads. The cars leave New York at 27th and 32d Streets at 8 A. M., 3.15, and 8 P. M. The time to Boston is nine hours by the day train, and ten hours by the night train. Comfortable sleeping cars are always connected with the night train. The fare is $6.00.

V. NEW YORK TO BOSTON, by railroad, via New Haven, New London, and Providence. This is what is called the Shore Line, and leaving the same depot in New York as the Springfield line, instead of following up the Connecticut River at New Haven, proceeds along the shore of Long Island Sound to New London, and connects with Boston by means of the Stonington, and Boston and Providence Railroads. The trains leave New York at 12.15 P. M., and at 8 P. M., and arrive in Boston at 9 P. M., and 6 A. M. Sleeping cars accompany the night trains. The fare is $6.00. By this route, also, one can leave the train at Providence and proceed to the mountains via Worcester and Concord. On Sunday evenings these trains leave at 5 o'clock.

From Boston to the Mountains there are, as before indicated, three distinct routes.

I. BOSTON TO GORHAM, N. H., VIA PORTLAND.

It is only a few years that the valleys of the Eastern and Northern slopes of the Mountains have been open to travellers. Until the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railroad, which connects Portland and Montreal, was completed through Northern New Hampshire, some twelve years ago, they were inaccessible to the tourist for pleasure, and their charms were unsuspected.

One can reach the great White Mountain range from Boston more speedily and with more ease by the Portland route than by any other. The traveller leaves Boston for Portland in the morning, by either the Eastern Railroad or the Boston and Maine. He reaches Portland at noon, and has half an hour for dinner in the ample and commodious Station House of the Atlantic and St. Lawrence, or "Grand Trunk" Railway. At 1 o'clock he takes the cars on this road, and at 5 P. M. is landed in front of the ALPINE HOUSE, in Gorham, N. H. This hotel is one of the largest and best in the whole mountain region, and has been for some years under the charge of Mr. JOHN R. HITCHCOCK. There is ample time, in the long summer days, for a stroll or a ride from this hotel after supper along the banks of

the noble Androscoggin River, and in full view of the highest summits of the White Hills and the great Mount Moriah range. Or, if the traveller's time is very limited, he can take a stage from the door of the Alpine House, on the arrival of the cars at five o'clock, and in two hours can reach the "GLEN HOUSE," eight miles distant, — a spacious, excellent, and well known hotel at the base of Mt. Washington, under the charge of Mr. J. M. THOMPSON.

Thus, by this Portland route, one can reach Gorham and its charming scenery in ten hours from Boston, with time for dinner and rest; or can arrive at the very base of Mount Washington in twelve hours. The cars of the Grand Trunk Railway from Portland to the Mountains are of the most commodious kind. The road is the wide, or five feet and a half gauge. It is very rarely that the trains fail to keep time like a chronometer; and the conductors are celebrated for their gentlemanly readiness to impart full information to passengers concerning the mountain routes and scenery.

There is, also, communication by steamboat between Boston and Portland.* Leaving Boston about seven in the evening, Portland is reached at five in the morning. Then by the first train on the Grand Trunk Railway, the traveller arrives at Gorham at 11 A. M., and at the Glen House, if he desires, by stage in season for dinner. The fare from Boston to Gorham, by a through ticket on the cars, is $6; by steamboat and cars, $5. The distance from Boston to Portland

* See Addenda.

by the shorter of the two railroad routes, is 107 miles; from Portland to Gorham, N. H., 91 miles.

On the route from Portland to Gorham there is nothing especially attractive in the scenery — nothing that promises or hints the grandeur in reserve, until the train reaches

BRYANT'S POND. This lake in miniature, the source of the Little Androscoggin River, charmingly set among hills several hundred feet in height, is twenty-nine miles from Gorham. The pond and the track of the railroad lie about seven hundred feet above the sea level.

The next point of interest is BETHEL, the chief town of Oxford county, Maine, and probably the loveliest village of that State. It is twenty-one miles from Gorham. Travellers are as yet but little acquainted with its attractions. Bethel is, in truth, the North Conway of the eastern side of the Hills. If the terminus of the railroad were here, or if passengers were compelled to leave the cars at this point, and take stages to Gorham and the Glen, Bethel would be a dangerous rival to North Conway, and the ride from Bethel to Mount Washington would be pronounced superior, on some accounts, in charm, to the famous ride from Conway through Bartlett to the Notch.

The meadows of Bethel are very lovely; and on a clear afternoon, when the golden light falls aslant upon the fresh grass, throwing out long shadows from the trees, and the eye follows northward the narrowing line of hills along the course of the Androscoggin, and

catches the sharp edges of the great White Mountain range sweeping across and closing up the vista, it is difficult to conceive where an artist can find a more tempting picture in New England. There are several hills, too, in and near the village, easily accessible, around which the most fascinating panoramas of forests, hills, rivers, lakes, meadows, and mountain majesty are displayed. Bethel will, we predict, at some time not very far distant, be sought as a boarding-place during the summer by those who love charming scenery with more quiet than the prominent White Mountain routes and hotels afford.

There is a new and comfortable hotel in Bethel, called the Adams House, kept by Mr. ISRAEL ADAMS. It is situated near the depot, on the opposite side of the Androscoggin River, commanding fine views of the mountains from the cupola. Travellers can procure teams from him to visit places of interest in the neighborhood. There is a delightful drive of twelve miles to the grand water sculpture of the Albany Basins. Eighteen miles in the opposite direction one finds the Rumford Falls. The road to these falls is excellent, the scenery on the way very lovely, and the falls themselves hardly inferior to any in New England. The full tide of the Androscoggin makes a descent here of one hundred and sixty feet in three pitches, and within the space of a quarter of a mile. There is a fine excursion also from Bethel to the Speckled Mountain Notch, or Bear River Notch, as it is sometimes called. The farther end of this notch is about eighteen miles

from Bethel. The road for twelve miles — part of the way up the valley of the Bear River — is excellent, and very good accommodation is found there at the "POPLAR TAVERN."

The "Screw-Auger Fall," at Fanning's Mills, and the ride up through the jaws of the Notch, will well repay the time which the journey requires. Starting early in the morning from Bethel, the excursion and return can easily be made in a day. Or it will be practicable to push through from the Bear River Notch to Umbagog Lake in another day, and thence to Dixville Notch, of which we shall speak by and by. The trout fishing on this route is probably unsurpassed in New England.

From Bethel to the station in Gorham the scenery through which the cars pass is very fascinating. Three villages, charmingly located to increase the beauty of the landscape, lie in full view from the train, — West Bethel, Gilead, and Shelburne. About a mile from the station in Gilead the boundary line of Maine is passed, and the traveller is among the New Hampshire hills. Especially fortunate are those who see this scenery for the first time in the rich light of a clear summer afternoon. The sight of the brilliant meadows, spotted with elms, — of the graceful curves of the Androscoggin, studded with islands; of the brawny hills that guard it, among which the train flies along a twisted track; and, now and then, of the long, firmly-cut lines of the White Mountain ridge shooting across the north, until in Shelburne, Madison, and the peak

of Jefferson, and the bulk of Washington, spring out for a few minutes in full view, — almost banishes the fatigue of a hot day's ride, and prepares the visitor for the pleasures in store after his arrival in Gorham, at the Alpine House.

The route through the mountain region from this point is described on the 14th and following pages.

But we must here speak of two excursions to other points of interest connected directly with the White Mountains on their eastern side. The first is to

Lancaster, N. H.

This is the shire town of Coös county, and is set amid some of the noblest and loveliest scenery of New England. The whole range of the White Mountains, the great Franconia hills, and many of the Green Mountains are in full view from some of its streets. Then, too, the Connecticut meadows are among the finest here which the river can boast in its whole extent. The drives in the neighborhood, on either side the Connecticut, are unsurpassed, probably, in New England; for the roads are excellent, and the views are very various. And a spacious hotel will be found there, kept by D. A. Burnside, which will afford attractive accommodation to travellers. There are few points among, or near the mountains, where so much quiet pleasure could be experienced in a visit of a few weeks as in Lancaster.

There is a stage from Gorham to Lancaster, passing through the grand scenery of Jefferson. The distance

is twenty-four miles. One can also take the train in the forenoon, or afternoon, from Gorham, reach Northumberland in an hour, take a stage thence to Lancaster, some ten miles distant. There is also a regular stage line to Lancaster from Littleton, the terminus of the Boston, Concord, and Montreal Railroad.

We must also call attention to the scenery of

Dixville Notch.

The Dixville hills lie in the extreme northern portion of New Hampshire, some sixty miles beyond the Washington range. It is very seldom that a tourist strays so far from the regular routes; but the geologists have long been acquainted with the interesting scenery of the region, and have called attention to it in reports of their surveys. Dr. Jackson, in his great work on the Geology of New Hampshire, speaks of the Dixville Notch as more Alpine in its character than any other pass of our New England mountains, and predicts that its grandeur will yet make it a place of large resort.

Since the completion of the Grand Trunk Railway, it has become easily accessible, and should be more widely known. One can leave Boston at seven o'clock in the morning, and sleep the same night within ten miles of the Notch, reaching it early in the forenoon of the second day; or take the eleven o'clock train from the Alpine House in Gorham, and in an hour and a half be landed at North Stratford, which lies on the Connecticut River, thirty-six miles from Gorham. The

railroad ride is very pleasant. The track lies along the narrow and winding valley of the Androscoggin, hemmed in by grand and gloomy hills, until it bends toward the more cheerful Connecticut. Then it winds up around the base of the singular, bleached, twin cones called the Stratford Peaks.

At North Stratford a wagon-stage is in readiness, on the arrival of the noon and evening trains, to convey passengers to Colebrook. If there is no stage, an extra wagon can be hired at slight expense. The ride to Colebrook, up the Connecticut, is charming. Frequently a view of a broad interval, with the glittering river sweeping through it in a lordly curve, will make a man regret that the slow pace of the horses could not be retarded, in order that he might more leisurely feast his eyes.

Colebrook may also be reached by stage from Littleton, the terminus of the Boston, Concord, and Montreal Railroad. The train that leaves Boston at 7.30 A. M. from the Boston and Maine and Lowell Railroad depots, as explained hereafter, arrives at Littleton about five o'clock. From this point, as suggested above, conveyance may be had to Colebrook and Dixville, passing through Lancaster and the beautiful valley of the upper Connecticut.

Colebrook is quite a flourishing village on the New Hampshire side of the river, and lying in the eastern shadow of a massive and majestic mountain which the inhabitants call Monadnoc. This hill lies just beyond the river in Vermont, and is really quite imposing by

its bulk and glorious verdure. It must spring more than two thousand feet from the stream at its base. One arrives in Colebrook usually about four in the afternoon. Dixville Notch is only ten miles distant. But there is no public house near it, and it is best to pass the night at the inn kept, we believe, by Mr. Cummings, in Colebrook, and called the Monadnoc House. There is also a new hotel here called the Parsons House. One had better leave the hotel about seven the next morning for the Notch, and give the whole day to the excursion. The road is very good, but rises steadily the whole distance; so that the ten miles demand three hours' riding. Travellers will be much struck with the general excellence of the land along the way. It is the best farming region of the Granite State; and the fields are so free from stones that it is quite impossible to have stone walls for boundaries. The last two miles of the ride wind through the grandest forest one will find in his mountain travels. Every variety of tree is represented along the way, and generally of much larger growths than are met before. A person will begin to doubt whether there is any mountain magnificence near, so closely is the road shut in by the forest. Suddenly the heavy walls of the Dixville range begin to show themselves ahead. And while one is admiring their dark and grave sides of shadowed foliage, wondering where the pass he is in search of can open, a turn of the road to the right brings the wagon in front of the bare and savage jaws of the Notch, at its western entrance.

The first view of it is very impressive. It opens like a Titanic gateway to some region of vast and mysterious desolation. The pass is much narrower than either of the more famous ones in the White Mountains, and, through its whole extent of a mile and a quarter, has more the character of a Notch. One cannot but feel that the mountain was rent apart by some volcanic convulsion, and the two sides left to tell the story by their correspondence and the naked dreariness of the pillars of rotting rock that face each other. So narrow is the ravine (it can hardly be called a pass) that a rough and precarious roadway for a single carriage could only be constructed by building up against the mountain's side a substructure of rude masonry, while the walls slope upward so sharply on either

hand that a considerable outlay is demanded of the State every year to clear it of the stones and earth which the frosts and rain roll into it every winter and spring.

No description can impart an adequate conception of the mournful grandeur of the decaying cliffs of mica slate which overhang the way. They shoot up in most singular and fantastic shapes, and vary in height from four hundred to eight hundred feet. A few centuries ago the pass must have been very wild, but the pinnacles of rock, which give the scenery such an Alpine character, are rapidly crumbling away. Some have decayed to half their original height; and the side walls of the Notch are strewn with *debris*, which the ice and storms have pried and gnawed from the decrepit cliffs. The whole aspect is one of ruin and wreck. The creative forces seem to have retreated from the spot, and abandoned it to the sport of the destructive elements. One might entertain the thought that some awful crime had been committed there, for which the region was blasted by a lasting curse. The only life in the Notch belongs to the raspberry vines. It seems to be the paradise of this delicious fruit.

One should climb the highest pinnacle, called Table Rock, which juts out from the southerly wall of the pass, and stands about eight hundred feet above the road. It is no easy task to keep the footing in the steep ascent over the loose and treacherous ruins of slate that strew the way. Hands and feet are necessary. Table Rock is a narrow, projecting ledge, only

some six or eight feet wide at the summit, and about a hundred and fifty feet long, rising in an almost unbroken precipice on each side for several hundred feet. The descent is even more arduous than the ascent. It will be found, however, that the view from the summit repays the toil of the scramble. It is no small trial for weak nerves to walk out upon the side of the Notch upon this cliff, not more than six feet wide and eight hundred feet sheer down. No part of the ride up Mt. Washington makes the head swim so giddily. From it one can easily see into Maine, Vermont, and Canada. Only a few miles east lies Lake Umbagog, where the moose congregate in the evening to stand up to their neck in water and "fight flies," as the guides express it. About ten miles north is Lake Connecticut, a beautiful sheet of water, mother of the noble river which is the pride of New England. A tourist might spend a few days very profitably in exploring the novelties of the districts that lie around the Notch. On the face of this cliff, seen from below, some locate the usual Profile, without which a mountain pass is regarded as incomplete.

After about an hour's stay upon the pinnacle, one should descend and ride through the pass to a flume just before the eastern gateway is reached. Nearly opposite the entrance to the flume will be found a remarkably cold spring. On the opposite side of the road, in the woods, just beyond the Notch, there is a series of beautiful cascades, extending nearly a mile, surpassed in beauty and volume by none in the whole

White Mountain region. There is no path to these, and it will be found a difficult task to reach them.

The grand distinctive features of Dixville Notch are desolation and decay. How charming, then, the surprise, in passing through the Notch eastward, to ride out from its spiky teeth of slate into a most lovely plain, called "The Clear Stream Meadows," embosomed in mountains, luxuriantly wooded to the crown. It is something like descending from the desolation of the Alps into the foliage and beauty of Italy. The only house near was accidentally burned a few years since. The graves of the earliest settler and his wife are there, fenced off rudely, and overgrown with the tall weeds which nature wears for them. How many of the great and wealthy of our land will find such a cemetery? A mountain range for a monument; a luxuriant valley for a grave; such silence to sleep in as no Mt. Auburn can assure, and their story told to visitants from far-off portions of the land!

Returning through the whole length of the Notch, Colebrook is reached again by supper-time. The next morning, one can take the stage-wagon to North Stratford, and thence reach Gorham by cars early in the forenoon. Thus the whole journey from the Alpine House, or Glen House, to Dixville Notch, and back again, can be made in two days, and nearly the whole of one day will be passed in the Notch. It is also one of the cheapest excursions which the mountain region affords.

Tourists, who prefer a longer excursion, can provide themselves at the Alpine House with a light wagon, stout horses, and careful driver, and make the circuit through Dixville Notch at their leisure. Instead of returning by the same route, they would in that case pass on from the Notch to Erol Dam, at the head waters of the Androscoggin; spend a few days on Umbagog and its sister lakes, of which Theodore Winthrop writes so pleasantly, and return to the White Mountains through Grafton Notch in Maine, and the beautiful meadows of Bethel. To the sportsman, no trip can be more attractive, for nowhere are the trout finer or more plentiful. The scenery, too, is very fine. Grafton Notch, of which we had never heard until we were at its portals, and saw the gleaming pennant of a mountain-king flung out athwart the emerald freshness of its southern slope, is destined yet to be immortal. In the loveliness of its scenery, and its manifold objects of interest, it may contest the palm with Franconia. There is a wonderful chasm here, whose walls are as high and as perpendicular as those of the Flume. It is only accessible from above. At the bottom flows a large and noisy stream, which, as if the gloom of the lofty walls which hem it in, and the sombre stillness of the surrounding forest did not sufficiently guard its privacy, plunges beneath a huge mass of superincumbent rock — a rock which would be a landmark in Massachusetts or Rhode Island — and disappears from sight. Local tradition gives to this striking spot the name of Moose Chasm. It was dis-

covered by a hunter, whose game suddenly disappeared from his sight, and left him gazing down into the dark abyss, which the deer had in vain sought to leap.

The roads which are traversed on this route are hilly, but, with the exception of that through Dixville Notch, in good condition. Hotels are scarce, but an abundance of good, homely fare can be obtained at the scattered farm-houses, and a comfortable night's rest could be had before the war for a shilling. The traveller in this region would do well to keep a day's rations by him in case of emergency; but it is generally safe to rely on the country through which you pass.

Willoughby Lake

should also be mentioned. This is a small sheet of water, six miles in length, and from one to two in width, charmingly set between steep granite mountains in the northern part of Vermont. There is a fine hotel on the border of the lake, kept by Alonzo Bemis. Passengers can leave Gorham about noon by cars, stop at the Island Pond House for dinner, and take the stage thence for Willoughby Lake, which will be reached by tea-time. A few days can be most delightfully passed there. More will be said of this lake in another connection.

Memphremagog Lake

may also be reached from Island Pond by stage. The distance to Newport, at the head of the lake, is about the same as to Willoughby. The traveller may also

continue his journey to Sherbrooke, whence a stage-ride of sixteen miles will convey him to Outlet Village, on the northern shore of the lake. The lake will be described more at length hereafter. The fare to Newport or Willoughby Lake from Island Pond is one dollar.

ISLAND POND is the "half-way" station between Portland and Montreal. It is a charming spot. The pond is directly in front of the station-house. In high water, the Clyde, the regular outlet, pours its water into Memphremagog, and thence into the St. Lawrence, while an outlet at the other end leads into the Connecticut and thence into Long Island Sound. To trace the Clyde by a canoe would make a pleasant excursion. Mr. WATERHOUSE, the accommodating landlord of the Island Pond House, which is an excellent hotel, will furnish all the necessary accommodations. The fishing all around is excellent.

PORTLAND, ME., TO CONWAY, N. H.

Distance to Conway, fifty-eight miles. Fare, $2.50. The route to Conway, via Portland and Gorham, Me., was very attractive and much patronized before the Grand Trunk Railway was opened to Gorham, N. H. Since then, the steamboat which ran over Sebago Lake, has been withdrawn for want of patronage, and the route has fallen into comparative disuse. Persons, however, wishing to spend time upon the journey will find this a very pleasant ride.

The tourist leaves Portland by the cars of the York

and Cumberland Railroad at 7.15 A. M. A ride of half an hour brings you to Gorham, Me., ten miles distant, where you take the coach for Conway. At Limington (seventeen miles from Gorham) you cross the Saco, and thence, winding along its banks for eleven miles, the GREAT FALLS are reached. These constitute one of the great attractions of the route, and are said to be "unsurpassed in grandeur and sublimity." Twelve miles farther on we reach

FRYEBURG, the seat of a flourishing Academy. The OXFORD HOUSE in this place is kept by Mr. JOHN SMITH, for many years stage owner and driver between Conway, N. H., and Portland, Me. There are many places of interest in this town. Stark's Hill, about five hundred feet high; Jockey Cap, somewhat celebrated for its peculiar geological formation; Lovewell's Pond, on the shores of which Capt. Lovewell, in 1725, fought a battle with the Pequaket tribe of Indians, under their chief, Paugus; and Pine Hill, are all within a short distance of the hotel. Pleasant Mountain, about nine miles distant, in an easterly direction, in full view from the village, is about three thousand feet high; there is a public house on its summit for the accommodation of visitors. A ride of nine miles farther brings us to Conway, about 7 o'clock P. M. The stage leaves Conway for Portland, daily, early in the morning.

Fine distant views of the mountains are gained all along the route. Conway and the route to the Notch are spoken of on the 160th and following pages.

II. BOSTON TO WHITE MOUNTAIN NOTCH, VIA DOVER, ALTON BAY, WOLFBOROUGH, CENTRE HARBOR, AND CONWAY.

Distance from Boston to Alton Bay, ninety-six miles.

The distance from Boston to Centre Harbor, by this route, is greater than by the route through Concord, N. H. But the ride by rail is seven miles shorter, while an additional twenty miles of Lake Winnipesaukee is traversed on board the steamer. The new steamer Chocorua, under the charge of Capt. A. Wiggin, now runs in the place of the old steamer Dover. This is a most comfortable and rapid boat, and Capt. Wiggin is a very pleasant and gentlemanly commander, and has been connected with the steamer Dover since it was first built. The time is nearly the same as by the route via Concord. The cars leave Boston at the same time, and the boat reaches Centre Harbor about half an hour later than by the Concord route, but in season for the stages for Conway.

The tourist leaves Boston by the cars of Boston and Maine Railroad, from Haymarket Square, at 7.30 A. M., reaching Alton Bay about 12 o'clock. The train that leaves Boston at 12 o'clock reaches here about 4.30 P. M., connecting with the steamer Chocorua for Wolfborough and Centre Harbor. For a further description of the route and of the lake, see page 146.

III. BOSTON TO WHITE MOUNTAINS, VIA CONCORD, N. H.

The traveller leaves Boston for Concord, either by the cars of the Boston and Maine Railroad, from Haymarket Square, or of the Lowell Railroad, from Causeway Street. Should he take the former route, he will pass to Lawrence, where the Manchester and Lawrence Railroad diverges from the Boston and Maine, and passes on to Manchester, where a union is effected with the train on the Concord Railroad from below.

On leaving Boston by the Boston and Lowell Railroad, the traveller will pass through Lowell and Nashua to Manchester, where the trains intersect as above.

Eighteen miles farther is Concord, the capital of New Hampshire. The amount of railroad building, work, furniture, etc., here visible, is probably greater than in any place of even twice its size throughout the country. It is the depot of four distinct railways, and at the hours of half past ten and three, when the great trains, northward and southward, are made up, a scene of apparently irremediable confusion is presented to the spectator, not unfrequently adorned with quite novel and amusing incidents.

From Concord four distinct routes to the mountain region present themselves to the traveller. One is over the Northern, and the other three over the Montreal Railroad.

1. CONCORD TO FRANCONIA, via Northern, Connec-

ticut, and Passumpsic, and White Mountains Railroad. Distance 140 miles; from Boston, 212. Fare from Boston to Franconia, $9.00; from Concord, $6.75. Time from Boston, 12 hours.

The Northern Railroad extends from Concord to White River Junction, following the course of the Merrimack as far as Franklin, when it crosses to the Connecticut over the high lands of central New Hampshire. The road is admirably conducted, and furnishes a favorite route. At Fisherville the road crosses the Contoocook River and Dustin's Island, so named from its being the camping ground of a party of Indians, from whom a captive woman, Mrs. Dustin, made her escape in colonial times. Just before reaching Franklin the traveller will notice, upon the right of the track, the former residence of the late Hon. Daniel Webster. It is a comfortable, old-fashioned house, among the trees, and just the place to furnish repose to the statesman jaded in the conflicts of party and of the forum. Franklin is a busy village. At Potter Place may be seen, on the left of the track, Mt. Kearsarge, in Salisbury and Wilmot, two thousand four hundred and sixty-one feet high; on the right, the Ragged Mountains, rough and unshapely. At Danbury the train stops a few minutes for refreshments. Cardigan Mountain may be seen from Grafton. At Enfield is a beautiful pond, on whose shores a community of Shakers have a neat settlement. Through Lebanon and East Lebanon the train passes to

WHITE RIVER JUNCTION, where the road crosses the Connecticut, and a union is effected with the trains from the valley of the Connecticut. This place is important only from the fact that it is the convergent and divergent point of the eight railroad trains, which here meet and separate over the Passumpsic, Northern, and Vermont Central Railroads. It is distant from New York, 265 miles; from Boston, 152 via Fitchburg, 142 via Lowell; from Wells River 40; from Willoughby Lake 80; and from Franconia Notch 60 miles. There is often considerable confusion here, occasioned by the arrival and departure of the numerous trains, and by the efforts of passengers going in different directions to secure their proper conveyance. In the calmest state of mind, however, let the tourist, after refreshment, for which there is ample time, step into the cars of the *Passumpsic* Railroad, sure that he is right, and he will soon go ahead through, perhaps, the most delightful region of country which he has yet seen.

The Connecticut and Passumpsic Rivers Railroad at present connects White River and Newport. It is designed to extend to Canada. The road is in the valley of the Connecticut until it reaches Barnet; from thence it is over and along the Passumpsic.

The extent and variety of the scenery on this portion of the route are greater than is ever imagined by those who have never visited it. The great diversity and contrast of the views are alone sufficient to astonish and delight. Hill and valley, precipice and plain,

— sharp, angular declivities, without a vestige of verdure, and smooth, smiling meadow lands, covered with the greenest sward and the heaviest crops; a great surface of river on the one hand, unruffled and seemingly motionless, a little mountain stream on the other, dashed into foam by the speed of its descent, — all these totally different and dissimilar prospects are so intermingled with one another as to be a constant source of surprise and satisfaction.

But, divested of these more distant views, there is still something startling in the sudden changes presented to the eye over the very track itself: at one instant the cars are sweeping smoothly along the most beautiful of meadows; the next they are, apparently, penned within the solid rock, that rises fifty feet upon either hand; they dash out upon a great embankment, that is invisible, and seemingly fly across the chasm which is beneath; they tremble along the lofty grade, which falls precipitously into the darkness and resonance of a bridge; emerge to sunlight by the side of some beautiful pond, and slowly draw to a halt in a quiet New England village.

Mt. Cuba, Sunday Mountain, Black Mountain, Mt. Sago, and Moosehillock are among the peaks near the railroad, and visible in this part of the journey.

NEWBURY, thirty-five miles from White River, is chiefly noted for its SULPHUR SPRINGS, as infallible a specific as patent medicine for many diseases. Mt. Pulaski is not far distant. From its summit a lovely view is presented of the Connecticut valley, its wide-

spread farms and thriving villages. Passing through a tremendous cut in the solid rock, we reach

WELLS RIVER, the junction of the Montreal, the Passumpsic, and the White Mountains Railroads. The latter is the road necessary for reaching Franconia. There is no detention, and the cars are soon making their way up the Ammonoosuc River. The opening of this road, while it has accommodated the host of travellers in this direction, has materially diminished the patronage of two excellent hotels, the Wells River House, and the Coosack House, where, if desired, a comfortable home may be found for any one wishing for a quiet summer retreat.

LITTLETON is the terminus of railroad travel in this direction, and is reached about five o'clock, P. M. Stages are in readiness to start immediately for the Franconia Notch and the White Mountain Notch, the former distant twelve, the latter eighteen miles, with fares at $2.00 and $3.50, respectively.

Having taken on board the evening mail for the denizens of the mountain region, and waited long enough for the passengers to snatch a hasty meal at THAYER'S HOTEL, the stage coaches are off upon their course for the long-desired goal. For twelve miles the road winds along in the valleys, and ascends the hills through the scattered village of Franconia. The land rises on either side, its highest elevations softly burnished by the setting sun. The mountains in the distance glow with a more radiant light. Gradually the shadows steal up their sides as the sun goes down.

Darkness settles in the valley. The passengers beguile the way with "Stage Coach Stories," or gaze in admiring silence on the varied landscape, as the "last rays of departing day linger and play upon the summits" of the neighboring hills. The peaks of the Franconia Mountains loom up with gloomy outline on the evening sky. An occasional cabin is now only to be seen along the roadside. Soon even this slight symptom of human life disappears. In the deepening shades of evening the coach rattles, for two or three miles, through a gloomy piece of dark forest, and by eight o'clock the careful driver has brought his precious freight safely to the door of the hotel. The bright lights, the cosy fire in the open chimney, the sounds of merry voices, and the cordial greetings of friends, welcome the arriving party to the abundant cheer and the generous hospitality of the PROFILE HOUSE.

LAKES WILLOUGHBY AND MEMPHREMAGOG.

Those who desire to visit Lakes Willoughby and Memphremagog, will continue their journey from Wells River over the Connecticut and Passumpsic Railroad to St. Johnsbury and Newport, without change of cars. At WEST BURKE, thirty-seven miles from Wells River, stages leave for Lake Willoughby on the arrival of the cars. The distance is five miles. Those who intend to proceed directly to Lake Memphremagog, will continue their journey twenty-eight miles to Newport.

The ride from Wells River up the valleys of the Connecticut and Passumpsic Rivers is very charming. The Connecticut is left at Barnet. Now continually crossing and recrossing the Passumpsic, the road winds its way through a wild and picturesque portion of the country. At every village there is a fall. Indeed, a mill seems to have been the occasion of the clustering houses in the early settlement of the country. Several of these invite a much closer inspection than the hurrying train will allow. The traveller will do well, if he can, to particularly observe the rapids and falls just before reaching the town of Lyndon. The railroad crosses the river just at the head of the fall. St. Johnsbury, which is twenty miles from Wells River, is the most considerable town on this portion of the line. The railroad offices are located here.

Willoughby and Memphremagog should not be omitted from the programme of pleasure travel. They abound in pleasant scenery, and can now be reached at a moderate expense and with comparative ease. The lakes and streams emptying into them, and the circumjacent ponds, abound in trout and other kinds of fish. The hills upon the shore lie pleasantly basking in the sunshine, and the whole place ever breathes the sweet influence of contentment and peace. Those who know the region, and the route thither, need not be reminded of its quiet and repose, while those who have yet the pleasure in reserve, need but a single suggestion to induce them to test its attractions.

Willoughby Lake

is a beautiful sheet of water, between six and seven miles in length, and varying from half a mile to two miles in width. It is of a crescent shape, with little inlets and promontories along its shores. As you approach from the south, there suddenly rise up before you two mountain peaks, so near and so like each other, that you are almost persuaded that they have been separated by human effort. Between these, and extending still farther to the north, lies the lake. It is within a gap or chasm of the Green Mountain range, and forms a great reservoir for the brooks in the immediate vicinity. The waters of the lake discharge, through a small stream, into the St. Francis, and thence into the St. Lawrence. The brooks and rivulets, however, which are crossed a few rods before reaching the hotel, flow into the Passumpsic and down the Connecticut.

The loveliness of the lake is greatly enhanced by the rough and precipitous scenery around it. The lake is all beauty and repose, while the mountains, rising so abruptly from the shore that there is room for little more than a carriage-way, are rough and angular.

At some remote day the two peaks that now tower on either side of the lake undoubtedly formed a single summit, and were separated by some of the volcanic throes whose traces are so visible throughout this region. Mt. Ananance, the peak upon the eastern

shore, is one thousand nine hundred and fifty feet high. It receives its name from a chief of the St. Francis tribe which once lived here. A modern attempt to christen it "Pisgah" has fortunately been unsuccessful. The unnamed summit confronting Mt. Ananance, on the opposite side of the lake, is fifteen hundred feet high. Here, a short distance from the water, there is a sparse growth of pine, fir, spruce, cedar, and hemlock, rapidly dwindling into dwarf birch and shrubs. The soil they cover is thin and rocky, evidently a *detritus* from the mountains. This vegetation is on an angle, from the side of the mountain, of at least forty-five degrees, and extends up about six hundred feet. It is terminated by the solid rock, which rises from above the tree-tops a thousand feet perpendicularly. A forest of stunted pine and hemlock bristles around the summit, cleared away, however, for a little space on the highest elevation, so as to afford a view of the surrounding country.

From this observatory, easily attained on horseback, and nearly reached with a carriage, there is a most beautiful landscape visible. Lake Memphremagog and Owl's Head Mountain are twenty miles to the north; Lake Champlain and its shipping fifty miles to the westward; every prominent part of the White Mountains, the entire range of the Green Mountains, Massaweepee Lake, — the beautiful pond in Westmoreland Burke and Newark, — are all fairly visible from the summit of Mt. Ananance.

Near the "Devil's Den," — a doubtful-looking hole

in the rock, about midway down the lake shore, — it is said no soundings can be obtained, although fabulous quantities of line have been expended in the attempt. Above this spot, some six hundred feet on the hillside, and just at the base of a precipitous rock, there is what has been named the Flower Garden — a spot where all varieties of wild plants grow and blossom. And still higher than the Flower Garden, in the rock itself, where the foot of man never trod, and probably never will, is the Eagle's Eyry. All these spots, and the traces of many an avalanche and land-slide, may be seen by the tourist in sailing down the lake.

The WILLOUGHBY LAKE HOUSE, by ALONZO BEMIS, is a three-story edifice, located about one hundred rods from the lake, and commanding a fine view of it. There is a large piazza extending around the house and a promenade deck along the roof. The house is well arranged. The sleeping-rooms are spacious, the parlors well furnished, and the tables well provided. Fish abound in the lake, and especially the *muscalonge*, a species of pickerel peculiar to the lake.

MEMPHREMAGOG LAKE.

Newport, situate on Memphremagog Lake, is sixty-five miles from Wells River. The railroad station is in the basement of the MEMPHREMAGOG HOUSE, a new and fine hotel. This hotel is about 90 by 50 feet, four stories high, with an addition 125 by 50 feet, five stories high. It is an excellent hotel, and is kept by Mr. WILLIAM H. WITT. As the steamer leaves

Newport in the morning and returns at night, the tourist can, if he chooses, make this hotel his head-quarters, and spend the day upon the lake.

The lake is a beautiful sheet of water, extending nearly forty miles to the north. It lies partly in Vermont and partly in Canada. Its width varies from one to six miles. The islands, though not numerous, add much to the loveliness of the scene. On the western side the shore rises abruptly in many places to the height of several hundred feet, while on the eastern it is comparatively level and well cultivated. As you sail along the lake, you see the farm-houses, each with its meadows and woodland near at hand, indicating a prosperous agricultural community. There are several towns and villages of respectable population along the shore.

At half-past seven o'clock in the morning the steamboat MOUNTAIN MAID will be ready at her wharf, near the hotel, to receive her freight. Though not large, the boat is pleasant and commodious, and will carry you swiftly and safely to your destination. By frequently crossing and recrossing the lake, the trip from Newport to Outlet Village is not less than fifty miles in length, though the lake does not exceed forty. Capt. Fogg, who is as pleasant and accommodating as he looks, is both the builder and half proprietor of the boat. He is never happier than when he has under his protection a party who thoroughly enjoy the beauties of the lake. Soon after leaving Newport, he will, if requested, point out a full-length reclining figure, formed

by the contour of the hills and mountains beyond Owl's Head.

About half way down the lake, on the western side, is situated, on the very shore, OWL'S HEAD MOUNTAIN, and, nestled in a lovely nook at its base, the MOUNTAIN HOUSE. Owl's Head is 2,743 feet high. A footpath leads to its summit, which can be reached in one or two hours' climbing. The origin of the name is as yet a puzzle. The mountain is well wooded almost to its very summit. But as you emerge from the shelter of the woods to the bare rocks on the northern side, a most beautiful view breaks upon you. Immediately at your feet lies the lake, visible for its entire length. Every bay and island can be clearly seen. Beyond is the level plain, thickly studded with farm-houses, with here and there a village and a pond. To the south you see, near at hand, the twin peaks of Willoughby, as if guarding the gate to the towering peaks of the White Mountains, blue in the distance. Lake Champlain lies in the west, Massaweepee a little to the north, while the St. Lawrence and St. Francis can be clearly discerned still farther away. On a clear day you can even discover the white towers of Montreal glistening in the sun. Owl's Head, from its comparatively isolated position, seems to stand sentinel over the golden treasures of the Canadian autumn. You feel, while gazing towards the north, that you have escaped from the mountain region.

The MOUNTAIN HOUSE, by A. C. JENNINGS, is situated at the very base of the mountain. It is so sur-

rounded by water, hills, and rocks, that, as you approach, you almost wonder how it found a resting-place in so secluded a spot. The house is three stories high, with verandas in front, and is well furnished. The table is well supplied, not only with the luxuries of the lake, but also with every variety obtainable in the region. Mr. Jennings was formerly landlord of the Island Pond House, and is well known to the public.

One of the chief attractions of the place is the abundance of fish. The Muscalonge, a species of fish peculiar to the region, is caught in great abundance. Twenty pounds is by no means an uncommon weight for them to attain. Trout abound in the small ponds near by, which can easily be reached.

About a mile north of the hotel the rocks rise almost perpendicularly from the water to the height of some seven hundred feet. The water near the shore, though never sounded, probably is as deep as the rocks are high. An old fisherman, who lives upon the shore, has firm faith that an immense sea-serpent lurks here, and has spent days in trying to catch him. Capt. Fogg will tell you the story.

Outlet Village, so called from its situation at the outlet of the lake, where, by Magog River, the waters are poured into the St. Francis, is the terminus of the sail. A good dinner may be obtained on board the boat. A stage ride of sixteen miles brings you to Sherbrooke, where the cars of the Grand Trunk Railway may be taken for Montreal or Quebec. The rail-

roads up the valley of the Connecticut, the sail over Memphremagog, and the Grand Trunk Railway from Sherbrooke, form one of the pleasantest and shortest routes between New York and Montreal. The time is about the same as by other routes, and the variety greater.

The Mountain Maid usually makes but one trip a day, leaving Newport in the morning and returning in the afternoon, reaching Newport about six o'clock. Capt. Fogg, however, lives at Georgetown, about half way down the lake, to which he returns on Saturday night, after completing his trip to Newport. Of this opportunity for a sail all the young people along the shore between Georgetown and Newport avail themselves. They go down to Newport, and return in the evening. The steward furnishes music, and the promenade deck a ball-room. The guests at the Mountain House, who are to stay over Sunday, will do well to avail themselves of this weekly festival, especially if the evening be a moonlight one.

The fare from Newport to Owl's Head is 75 cts.; to Outlet Village, $1.50.

2. Concord to White Mountains, via Montreal Railroad.

Three different routes are presented to the tourist over this road. (1.) He may go to the Wells River, thence over the White Mountain Railroad to Littleton, and to Franconia by stage, as by the Northern Railroad just described. (2.) He may leave the

cars at Plymouth, and proceed directly to the PROFILE HOUSE by stage. (3.) The cars may be left at the Weirs, and the traveller may pursue his journey to the White Mountain Notch and Glen House, via Centre Harbor and Conway.

1. CARS TO LITTLETON. This route is shorter than by the Northern Railroad, though passengers arrive at the Profile, or the Crawford House, at the same time. It has the advantage of skirting the shores of Lake Winnipesaukee. The distance is 124 miles; from Boston, 198. Fare from Boston to Franconia, $9.00. Time from Boston, twelve hours.

Should the preference be given for the route over the Montreal Railroad, the tourist will find the cars of the road ready to start upon the arrival of the train from Boston. The road crosses the Merrimack River soon after leaving the Concord station, and continues up that river, upon its eastern bank, through the villages of Canterbury, Northfield, Sanbornton Bridge,—where the road crosses a portion of Lake Winnipesaukee, called the Great Bay,—Laconia, and Lake Village to "Weirs." Here the steamer LADY OF THE LAKE, Capt. SANBORN, is ready to start for Centre Harbor. A description of this lake is given on the 146th and following pages.

The ride by rail from Concord to the Weirs, occupying a little over an hour, is one of the most agreeable to be found in the whole mountain trip. Soon after leaving the station at Concord the road winds over the intervals of the Merrimack, crosses the river, and rises

to a considerable elevation above the river bed. This enables one to catch some beautiful views across the valley of the Merrimack, with Mt. Kearsarge, in Andover, forming the chief attraction. After leaving Sanbornton Bridge, where the River Winnipesaukee is crossed, the road lies along Lake Winnisquam, or Great Bay, a portion of which is crossed at LACONIA, the stopping-place for Gilford, where the traveller will find a good hotel kept by A. L. MORRISON. Mt. Belknap, four and a half miles distant, is much visited. The Canterbury Shakers are only twelve miles distant — a pleasant ride. The citizens are very hospitable. The lake, also, may be visited from this place. Still following the course of the Winnipesaukee River, which presents a continual succession of beautiful views, with Mt. Belknap constantly in sight, the Wiers is reached.

Those who do not go by the way of the lake, continue their journey through Meredith Village and Holderness, and arrive at PLYMOUTH soon after noon. Having fortified the inner man with the good cheer of our host, we return to the cars, and proceeding through Quincy, Rumney, Wentworth, Warren, and Haverhill, with Carr's Mountain, Moosehillock, and the spurs of the Franconia range in sight, reach Wells River. From this point the train proceeds, without detention, up the valley of the Ammonoosuc, over the White Mountain Railroad to Littleton, arriving there about 4 o'clock. See page 194.

MOOSEHILLOCK MOUNTAIN, as has just been said, is

in sight from the road between Plymouth and Wells River. As this mountain is one of the highest in the vicinity, some tourist may desire to visit it. To do this, he should leave the cars at Warren, twenty miles from Plymouth. Two small hotels, the UNION and the GRAFTON HOUSE, here provide for the accommodation of guests. Three or four miles from the village is a lead mine, which is now abandoned. The five miles to the base of Moosehillock can easily be passed over in a carriage. A bridle-path was constructed to its summit during the summer of 1857, and a large company from Concord, N. H., made the ascent in September of the same year. This is a very easy and comfortable path, and is ascended without difficulty or unusual fatigue. A comfortable hotel, like those on Mt. Washington, has been erected there, in whose shelter the night may be passed on the summit. Prof. A. Guyot also made an excursion to this mountain, and we are permitted to make the following extract from a letter written by him, descriptive of the view: —

"The panorama which is before your eyes at the summit of Moosehillock is nearly the most extensive I have found in New England, not excepting even that from Mts. Washington and Lafayette, over which it possesses many advantages. This is due to the insulated position of that mountain outside of the group of the White Mountains proper, combined with its great elevation, which surpasses by 1,000 feet to 1,500 feet the surrounding heights, while it is less than 500 feet

below the summit of Lafayette. The eye thus embraces at a single glance in the north and north-east all the chains of the White Mountain group from Lafayette and Mt. Washington to the high peaks of the central, southern, and eastern chains in Sandwich and Conway. Towards the north-west the view extends into Canada; on the west and south-west the whole State of Vermont, with its long and continuous chain of the Green Mountains; towards the south and east the whole State of New Hampshire, with its innumerable scattered hills and lakes, among which Winnipesaukee is conspicuous, and a part of Maine, complete the grand, instructive, raised map which is opened before the beholder. Moosehillock, which is now so accessible by the way of the Boston, Concord, and Montreal Railroad, and by means of a path recently cut through the forest to the summit, deserves to take a distinguished place among the high summits visited by the lovers of mountain scenery."

The trip from the depot to the summit may be made in about four hours, and the price for the carriage ride and a horse up the mountain is $3.00. The fare at the hotel will probably be $4.00 a day.

It is in contemplation to construct a road from Warren to Franconia. If this is done, it will be the shortest route to Franconia, the distance being only fourteen miles from the railroad. From the summit of Moosehillock to Franconia the distance is only eight miles.

2. FRANCONIA, via PLYMOUTH. The traveller, as

we said before, may leave the cars at Plymouth and proceed directly up the valley of the Pemigewasset to Franconia. This is, by far, the shortest and most direct route to this part of the mountain region. The distance from Boston to Franconia is 145 miles; from Concord, 75. The time from Boston is nine hours. Leaving New York by the evening boats, one may be in Franconia in season for tea the next day. Fare, from Boston, $8.00; from Concord, $5.25.

Leaving Concord in the cars, as indicated on page 203, we arrive at PLYMOUTH in season for dinner. There are many objects of interest at Plymouth, and if one desires to remain and become acquainted with the charms of the locality, the PEMIGEWASSET HOUSE is a desirable tarrying place for all in quest of health or pleasure. Plymouth Village has a lovely situation, in the midst of the finest scenery. From Walker's Hill can be obtained a capital view of the village and the river. Livermore's Falls, two miles north of the village, present a remarkable appearance. They are probably the result of volcanic action, and invite the attention of the student of science and the lover of nature. Prospect Hill affords an unsurpassed view of the most diversified character, and an excursion thither is one of the most agreeable methods of spending a leisure afternoon. It is but four miles distant from the hotel, and a good carriage road has been built to its very summit. Mountain, valley, lake, and river, interspersed with fertile meadows, shining cottages, and thrifty villages, within a circuit of thirty miles,

meet the delighted eye in every direction, while in the north the rugged cliffs and peaks of the Franconia and White Mountain ranges rise like everlasting towers. This is considered by some, the finest view south of the mountains. The late Gov. Hill, who visited the summit several years ago, spoke of it in the most enthusiastic terms. The towns in both the valleys of the Pemigewasset and Baker's River, are to be seen below. Chocorua in the east, Belknap in the south, Monadnock in the south-west, Moosehillock in the north-west, and the Franconia and White Mountain ranges in the north, lift their summits before the delighted eye. The silvery sheen of Squam and Winnipesaukee brightens the landscape. The beautiful valley of the Pemigewasset, dotted with elms, winds gracefully to the south, indicating the course of the river, by its fertile meadows, far in the distance.

The Pemigewasset House, at Plymouth, which is situated on the side of the railroad track, is a new and excellent hotel just erected. The old Pemigewasset House, which stood on the same site, was destroyed by fire in 1862. The new hotel, which is without exception the finest in the State, is 230 feet in front, with a wing of 80 feet, and is four stories high. There are 130 sleeping rooms, all of which are lighted by gas, and are large and commodious. There are also many suites of rooms for families. The parlor is a large and spacious apartment, elegantly furnished, fronting the south. The dining-room is a spacious hall, on the main floor, lighted by large windows, and without a

single column or pillar to mar its symmetry. The office is also a commodious hall in the centre of the house, with a stairway leading from the railway platform below. On the roof is a large observatory, from which may be had a fine view of the valleys of the Baker and Pemigewasset Rivers, and also of Lafayette, Osceola, and almost the entire range of the Waterville and Franconia Mountains. No pains have been spared to make this hotel complete in every particular, to finish it in a style of which even city hotels need not be ashamed. It will accommodate more guests than any other hotel north of Boston. It is now under the charge of ABBOTT & MORSE, managers, who will make every exertion to give satisfaction. The passenger depot of the Boston, Concord, and Montreal Railroad is in the basement, rendering it very convenient for those passing through Plymouth to dine. Plymouth has always been a favorite place of resort, and will now be doubly so since the erection of the new hotel.

Good trout-fishing may be found at Waterville, eighteen miles distant. This village is a very delightful retreat, and by the initiated is considered the gem of this locality. It was formerly the resort of a few visitors who "knew" the mountains, and whose tales of beautiful scenery, magnificent trout-fishing, and the like, stimulated public curiosity.

Devil's Den is a cave from three to four hundred feet deep, and is situated in Campton Hollow, six miles distant from Plymouth.

If the traveller desires to be independent of stage coaches and railroads, in his farther travels through the mountains, he can obtain horses and drivers at the livery stables in the village. Should the tourist prefer the stage coach to the rail from Plymouth, he will enjoy a most delightful ride of twenty-nine miles to the PROFILE HOUSE, tracing the course of the Pemigewasset River. The road in some places is rather rough, but the weariness of the way is amply compensated by the variety of beautiful objects that are every where presented to the view. The river meanders in its winding course, now with placid and quiet current through green meadows, and now in rapid and headlong torrent over its pebbly bed, while little cascades are bursting from the hills, falling in sheeted foam over the opposing rocks, to make their way to the welcoming stream below. As the route leaves the village, the mountains begin to appear in the distance. As the distance lessens, the white porticos of the Flume House are seen, welcoming our approach. The hotel seems like a "nest among the mountains," as it is relieved by the dark mass amid which it rests. The little villages of Campton and Thornton are the resort of artists, who spend weeks in the vicinity, sketching for future studies. Campton is said to contain more points for fine prospects than any town in the neighborhood. A quiet little inn upon the roadside looks the abode of comfort. Woodstock and Lincoln are small towns, of no particular note. The road is now in the midst of the mountain region. The dark hills loom up on every

side as the day departs. The Pemigewasset, now reduced to a little brook, murmurs at our feet. We have seen the summits of the hills brighten in the rich glow of sunset. The clouds are tinged with golden light, changing to soft purple and the gray of evening. The stars come out; the moon sends her gentle rays down into the valley. In the late twilight, after a half day's exquisite enjoyment, we enter the delightful and quiet scenery of the Notch road, passing the Flume House, and soon alight beneath the grateful shelter of the PROFILE HOUSE. The stage fare from Plymouth is $3.50.

3. WHITE MOUNTAIN NOTCH, via Conway, Lake Winnipesaukee, and Concord. Distance from Boston, 172 miles; time, 36 hours; fare, $10.00.

At the WEIRS (thirty-two miles from Concord, 106 from Boston, and seventy-three from White Mountain Notch), we leave the cars of the Boston, Concord, and Montreal Railroad (see page 203), and find ourselves on Lake Winnipesaukee. The route from this point is described on the 146th and following pages. The traveller can leave the lake as there indicated either at Centre Harbor or Wolfborough, or he can return to the Weirs and proceed, via Plymouth, as already suggested. The route via Conway is the most leisurely approach to Mount Washington, but yet one of the most attractive.

V. NEW YORK TO CONCORD, N. H., by way of Worcester, Nashua, and Manchester. The traveller

may leave New York in the morning by route No. IV., page 171, and go to Worcester. From Worcester he will proceed to Nashua, and arrive at Concord at eight P. M., and leave for the mountains by routes above at 10.30 the next morning. Distance, 275 miles. Fare, $7.50. Or he may leave in the evening over the same route, or by the boat to New London, route No. III., page 170, and, waiting at Worcester till morning, proceed to Concord, arriving in season to go to the mountains by the same trains as before. Fare by boat, $6.75.

Should the preference be given to the Railroad line, the traveller will take the cars of the New York and New Haven Railroad, which skirts the northern shore of Long Island Sound for a considerable distance, thence passing through New Haven, Hartford, and Springfield to Worcester. Here we join the line of travel from New York, via New London, already described. From Worcester our route lies over the Worcester and Nashua Railroad, which passes through a number of small towns of considerable thrift. We at length reach Nashua, and, changing to the cars of the Concord Railroad, continue the route as described on the 190th and following pages.

VI. NEW YORK TO FRANCONIA, via Springfield and Bellows Falls.* Distance to Bellows Falls, 222 miles; fare, $6.00. Cars leave New York at eight o'clock, A. M., arrive at Bellows Falls at six o'clock, P. M., stopping at Springfield half an hour for dinner.

* See Addenda.

Railroads: New York and New Haven; New Haven and Springfield; Connecticut River; Vermont Valley.

From New York to Springfield the route is the same as described on the 212th page. At Springfield, we take the cars of the Connecticut River Railroad, and continue up the valley of the river.

The Connecticut River Railroad extends from Springfield to South Vernon, Vt. At this place an opportunity is presented of visiting Keene, the most important town in south-western New Hampshire, by taking the cars of the Ashuelot Railroad. From Keene, the traveller can proceed over the Cheshire Railroad to Bellows Falls, within sight of Monadnock. Should he choose not to diverge at South Vernon, he will take the cars of the Vermont Valley Railroad, and at six o'clock P. M. will be very glad to step from the cars at

BELLOWS FALLS, distant from New York 222 miles. This is a delightfully situated village, on the Vermont side of the Connecticut River. The ISLAND HOUSE, by WHITE & BALL, a short distance from the station, occupies a favorable site. It is a new and well-built structure, and furnishes a quiet home either for the invalid or the pleasure-seeker. Directly in the rear rises a lofty hill, presenting a fine view from its summit, which is easily reached. There is also a view obtainable from the bridge over the Connecticut, in this place, well worthy of the tourist's attention. The river, which above is deep, broad, and tranquil, with a width of about a thousand feet, and which below

expands to an equal or greater surface, is, at this spot, beneath the bridge, compressed within a very narrow channel. Through this channel, confined on either side by a high granite wall, the whole volume of the Connecticut is forced, with a power and rapidity which whiten its waters like a tide of snow-flakes. The fall is in no place perpendicular, but in the distance of half a mile the waters descend forty-two feet. These falls were formerly a favorite resort of the Indians for purposes of fishing. Salmon were caught here in great numbers till within a recent period. Just below the bridge, on the west side of the river, will be noticed a large flat rock, covered with hieroglyphics and rude portraits, supposed to have been cut by the aboriginal frequenters of this place.

On the following morning we proceed north over the Sullivan Railroad, leaving Bellows Falls about noon. Twenty-six miles from Bellows Falls the road again crosses the river. As the cars run up the valley, the traveller will notice Mt. Ascutney, on the Vermont side, 3,200 feet high, and of easy ascent. Along the banks of the river, and at the base of the hills, the eye will be gratified with the sight of numerous neat and pleasant farm-houses, whose outward appearance betokens the comfort and happiness of their inmates.

Taking the cars of the Vermont Central Railroad, we continue our journey, through Hartland and North Hartland, to White River Junction. The remainder of this route is the same as described on the 192d and following pages.

VII. NEW YORK TO FRANCONIA, via North River and Bellows Falls, Vt. Distance to Bellows Falls, 287 miles. Leave by boat or railroad, 6.30 and 7 A. M.; arrive at Rutland, 9 P. M. Leave Rutland, 5.45 A. M.; arrive at Bellows Falls 8.30 A. M. Fares, by boat to Albany, $5; by rail, $7. Railroads: Hudson River; Washington and Rutland, or Western Vermont; Rutland and Burlington.

The Hudson River, sometimes called the Rhine of America, is so well known and so well described in guide-books written specially for the route, that it needs no comment here. For the journey to Albany, the summer tourist has his choice of travel. If he desires speed, he can step on board the comfortable Hudson River Railroad cars, and run his own risk of sight-seeing. If he wishes to enjoy the scenery, let him select some fine day, and take one of the day boats to Albany.

A few miles above Albany is Troy, on the east bank of the Hudson. It can be reached by rail to West Troy, and thence by carriage, or by the more popular route from Albany by ferry to Greenbush, and thence by rail to Troy, — the cars running at short intervals, and connecting immediately at both places with all the trains north, east, south, and west.

Leaving Troy, the traveller has a choice of two routes to RUTLAND, Vt., one over the Troy and Boston Road to EAGLE BRIDGE, connecting there with the Rutland and Washingon Railroad, or over the same road to NORTH BENNINGTON, connecting there with the Western Vermont Railroad.

The route over the Western Vermont Railroad passes through SHAFTESBURY, ARLINGTON, and SUNDERLAND, all pleasant villages, to MANCHESTER, one of the finest towns in this section of Vermont. A capital hotel has been opened here, within the last few years, called the Equinox House, and is beginning to be a place of great resort, on account of the natural beauties of the place, the fine drives in the neighborhood, and the reasonable prices for the excellent accommodations which are afforded.

There is a third route from Troy to Rutland by way of SARATOGA, passing through BALLSTON. Leaving Saratoga by the Saratoga and Washington Railroad, the traveller passes to CASTLETON, there joining the Rutland and Washington Road. The times of arrival on all these routes are very nearly the same.

RUTLAND is the shire town of Rutland county, and is one of the most important places of central and southern Vermont, containing about 4000 inhabitants.

The central village is a thriving, comfortable place. The Bardwell House, situated very nearly opposite the Railroad Station, is a fine structure of brick, containing one hundred commodious rooms, and is altogether just such a home as the tourist desires after a hard day's travel. The charges are moderate, the table is well furnished and attended, the rooms are neat, clean, and abundantly supplied; all substantial comforts are provided without offensive display. Situated as Rutland is, at the junction of four railroad routes, and within easy distance of Lakes Champlain and George, and

almost in the midst of the mountains, it is a most desirable place for summer resort. The extensive Marble Quarries, the Springs at Clarendon, celebrated for their medicinal qualities, Sutherland Falls, called by Willis "one of the loveliest places in the world," and Killington Peak, nearly 4000 feet high, the loftiest peak of the Green Mountains in this region, are all in the immediate vicinity, and can be visited at a small expense; while "mine host" will see that in-door arrangements for good living are not wanting. The disciple of Izaak Walton will find the best of trout-fishing in the neighboring streams, ponds, and lakes, and declare with Izaak, that angling "has a calmness of spirit, and a world of other blessings attending upon it," as he spends the long days of summer in his favorite sport.

Rutland is distant from Troy 83 miles; Albany, 93; New York, 234; Bellows Falls, 53; Boston, 167; Whitehall, N. Y., 25; Saratoga Springs, 63; Lake George, 60 miles. On the north is Burlington, 67 miles, and farther still, Montreal, 167 miles. Fares are as follows: from Burlington, $2.75; Montreal, $6.00; Troy, $3.50; Albany, $3.65; New York, by railroad, $6.50; by steamboat, $5.50; Whitehall, $1.20; Saratoga, $2.55; Bellows Falls, $2.30; Boston, $6.25.

On leaving Rutland, should the tourist prefer to ride across the country by carriage, sending his baggage by rail, he can easily procure horses, and proceed to WHITE RIVER JUNCTION, through a most delightful region of country. A daily stage also runs between

Rutland, Woodstock, and White River. The distance is nearly forty miles, and can be travelled in a day, if one chooses, though the attractions of the way might well cause him to linger on the route. This road passes through the Green Mountain range to WOODSTOCK. This quiet and charming town is the county seat of Windsor county, and contains a celebrated Medical College, and an Arsenal belonging to the United States. It has a population of little more than 3000.

Should the choice fall upon travelling by rail, the tourist will find the pleasantest scenery all along the Rutland Railroad. The stations are at some distance from the villages, whose inhabitants the road accommodates, with but one or two exceptions. The trains arrive at BELLOWS FALLS in 2½ hours from Rutland.

Bellows Falls, by this route, is distant from New York 287 miles. Fares by this route from New York, by rail, $7.00; by boat to Albany, $5.00.

From this point he continues up the valley of the Connecticut to White River, and thence by Littleton to Franconia, as on the 192nd and following pages.

VIII. NEW YORK TO PROFILE HOUSE AND WHITE MOUNTAIN NOTCH, VIA ALBANY AND LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

Distance from New York to Whitehall, 223 miles; Whitehall to Burlington, by steamer, 70 miles; Burlington to Profile House, 160 miles. Fare, by day boat, $14.35; by night boat, $13.85; by H. R. R., $14.95. Burlington to White Mountain Notch, 173

miles. Fare from New York, by day boat, $15.85; by night boat, $16.35; by H. R. R, $16.45.

By this route the traveller leaves New York by the same conveyance as in No. VII. From Albany to Whitehall the route lies through Saratoga Springs, giving the tourist an opportunity of tarrying at this favorite place of resort. From Whitehall there is direct communication by steamer over Lake Chamlain to Burlington. From Burlington, by the Vermont Central Railroad, the route lies across the State of Vermont, passing through Waterbury, the station for Mansfield Mountain, to White River Junction, and from this point to Littleton and the Mountains, as on page 192.

If it is desired to include Lake George in the trip, the cars may be left at Moreau, sixteen miles from Saratoga, from which place a stage-ride of eighteen miles brings one to Lake George. The steamer Minnehaha traverses thirty-six miles on the lake to Pell Place, from which a stage-ride of four miles brings us to Fort Ticonderoga, where the steamer is taken for Burlington.

IX. NIAGARA FALLS TO THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

I. The tourist, in reaching the White Mountains from Niagara, generally proceeds by steamer to Montreal, and thence by the Grand Trunk Railway to Gorham, N. H. The whole distance is about 650 miles, and the time, allowing one night at Montreal, a little over two days. The fare varies from one season to

another, and often even during the same season. Through tickets to Boston can be purchased at Niagara for about $16, allowing the traveller to stop over at Montreal and at the Mountains, and then to resume his journey by the way of Portland. But it should be observed that the merest trifle, save the relief from the trouble of frequently purchasing tickets, is gained by this course. On the contrary, much may be lost in respect of freedom in the choice of routes at subsequent points of the trip. The tourist on this route is advised, therefore, at the first to secure tickets from Niagara to Montreal only.

II. Some travellers prefer to cross the head of Lake Ontario to Toronto, about 40 miles from Niagara, and then to proceed the remainder of the way by rail, thus avoiding the night on the lake. Leaving Niagara in the afternoon, they arrive at Toronto in time for the *night mail train* on the Grand Trunk Railway, and reach Montreal the next morning. By such a course several hours in the middle of the day can be passed at Montreal, and the Mountains still be reached the next morning after, within forty-five hours of leaving Niagara. This is the quickest route. If, however, the tourist prefer a quiet night at Toronto, the *Express Train* will take him to Montreal the next day in about thirteen hours, and allow him to reach the Mountains just as soon as if he had made the whole trip by the steamer, and spent the night on the lake.

III. Some tourists entirely avoid the lake, which is often very rough in crossing to Toronto, by proceed-

ing round the head of it by the Great Western Railway to Toronto, a distance of ninety miles, occupying not far from four hours. They have still the opportunity of taking a steamer at the foot of the lake in time to pass through the Thousand Isles and the far-famed Rapids.

IV. The cars may be left at Sherbrooke, and the tourist may visit the beautiful Lake Memphremagog, and thence proceed down the Connecticut to White River Junction, and thence to Franconia or the White Mountain Notch, as is described on page 192.

V. Montreal may be left by the Champlain and St. Lawrence Railway to St. John's; thence by the Vermont and Canada to Essex Junction; thence by White River Junction to Franconia.

VI. The Grand Trunk may be left at Ogdensburg, and the traveller may proceed directly to Rouse's Point over the Ogdensburg Railroad. By this route the sail down the St. Lawrence is lost, and the city of Montreal left unvisited.

Mansfield Mountain.

By route V., just mentioned, the tourist passes very near to Mt. Mansfield, situated not far from the beautiful village of Stowe, Vt. We should fail to do our duty did we not call the attention of tourists among the mountains to this charming spot, which is so attractive for its mountain views, and is so near one of the great highways of travel.

Stowe is distant 10 miles from Waterbury, a station

on the Vermont Central Railroad, 70 miles north of White River Junction. The mail and express trains both stop at this station. Tourists from Montreal, via Rouse's Point, pass through it, while those leaving the mountains, via Littleton, have only to take the train on the Vermont Central Road at White River Junction. Through tickets from Boston to the summit of Mansfield Mountain can also be obtained at the office of the Vermont Central Railroad in Boston.

Waterbury is a small and quiet country village. A company has been organized, and has erected a large and commodious hotel near the depot, which is now open for the accommodation of guests.

Camel's Hump in the immediate vicinity, is the highest peak of the Green Mountains, except Mansfield Mountain, and is easily accessible from this place. The summit is 4,188 feet above the sea-level, and commands a magnificent view in all directions. It is easy of ascent, and the trip can be accomplished with inconsiderable fatigue. A few miles below the village are Bolton Falls, exceedingly picturesque, and the delight of beauty-loving travellers.

Stages leave Waterbury for Stowe regularly on the arrival of the mail trains; and special stages leave on the arrival of the other trains when any considerable party desires conveyance. The distance is 10 miles, over what was once a plank road, and is now a very comfortable stage road. The time is an hour and a half or two hours, and the fare $1.00.

THE MANSFIELD HOUSE

will be reached by the traveller from the south about half past six o'clock P. M. This is a new hotel just erected by the Mansfield Hotel Co., under the immediate superintendence of their accomplished President, W. H. H. Bingham, Esq. Mr. Bingham resides in Stowe, and, by his unceasing labors and thorough acquaintance with the mountains here, has gained for himself the title of "King of the Mansfield Mountains." The hotel occupies the site on which formerly stood the modest inn that once sufficed for the wants of travellers, and which now forms one of the wings of the new building. It is a large and elegant structure, with a piazza running the entire length of the front. Being newly and thoroughly built, with all the modern improvements of plumbing, and of bathing rooms, lighted throughout with gas, with large parlors, spacious lodging-rooms, a fine, large dining-room, and a hall over the dining-room of equal size for dancing and evening entertainments, it cannot fail to be an attractive place of resort. It is the largest and best appointed hotel in the state of Vermont. The manager, Mr. BINGHAM, is well known to the many people who have visited Stowe and its pleasant environs. The public can be assured that this hotel will be well kept and deserve their patronage. The price per day is $3.50, with a considerable discount by the week.

There are many objects of attraction at Stowe, and many beautiful rides and excursions can be made to

the country in the vicinity. The chief of all, however, and the one to which we would first call attention, is the

Ascent of Mansfield Mountain.

This mountain is of peculiar shape. By an exercise of the imagination, the summits can be made to resemble the profile of the human face, lying supine. The forehead, the nose, the chin, are all thus projecting upwards. The chin, the highest summit, is at an elevation of about 4,400 feet above the sea-level, and is the highest of the whole Green Mountain range.

The ascent from Stowe is made by carriage to within a mile and a half of the nose, and the rest of the way on horseback. The distance from the hotel to the summit is nine miles. For five miles the road is over the usual travelled highway. At the mountain base the road branches off and the ascent commences. The path, however, is not very steep, and is kept in excellent order. Two miles and a half of a pretty steady ascent, for the greater part of the way through a pleasant forest, brings the traveller to the half-way house. One must not fail to improve the time, while waiting for the ponies to be saddled, to look at the magnificent view spread out before him. At his feet lie the lovely valley of Stowe, which has just been left, and the smooth, green farms, and, beyond, the hills and higher summits of the Green Mountains. If the air be very clear, the summit of Mt. Washington is dimly visible, though almost hidden by the nearer hills. A clear spring of pure water, a little distance from the stable,

may be visited before starting on the ascent of the remainder of the peak.

The bridle-path is by no means steep or tiresome. On account of the short distance to be traversed on horseback, this mountain presents peculiar attractions to those who dislike horseback exercise. For the greater part of the way the view is hidden by the trees, but here and there we catch glimpses of a wooded ravine extending to the very base of the mountain and far away to the north towards Smuggler's Notch, through whose frowning walls are pleasant vistas, closed in the distance by beautiful green fields.

The Summit House.

is situated at the very base of the Nose. It is owned by the Mansfield Hotel Company, and is under the charge of Mr. William P. Walker. The main part of the house, in which is the large reception room and office, as well as sleeping rooms, is fifty by thirty feet. The ell is forty by twenty-four feet, and contains the dining-room, while the kitchen is still farther in the rear. The house is neatly and thoroughly finished and furnished, and is quite as comfortable as many larger hotels nearer sea-level. It is a far more complete hotel than any other summit house in New England. It is also more favorably situated, being near the summit of the mountain, full 4000 feet above sea-level, and yet commanding the fine view towards the west of the valley of Stowe, the wooded side of Mansfield being visible to its very base, with no intervening sum-

mit to obstruct the vision, and the scene being closed in only by the White Mountain range. It is distant nine miles from the Mansfield House; the time of the ascent is usually about three hours, and the price for each person, including pony, is $3.00. The company own the livery stable near the hotel, and have a good supply of trusty horses for this as well as for other excursions. Orders can be given at the office of the Mansfield House, which will be promptly attended to. The price of board at the Summit House is $3.50 per day.

The Nose and the Chin.

are the names of the two highest peaks. The former towers directly over the Summit House. It is ascended by a rough path on the western side, far more resembling a flight of stairs than the slope of a mountain side. The northern side presents a steep and sheer precipitous descent, down which you may look from the summit at least 500 feet. Several large pieces of the cliff have been detached from time to time and fallen in ruins below, and it seems by no means improbable that others may share their fate. The Nose is only a short walk from the hotel.

To ascend the Chin, however, requires more time, though the journey is less fatiguing. There is no such precipitous ascent, but the mountain slopes gently away towards the hotel. It is distant about a mile and a half from the house, and consequently takes a longer time than the ascent of the Nose, as you must walk

the whole distance. It is some 300 feet higher than the Nose, and commands, in consequence, a more extended view.

The scene that is spread out before the eye, on either of the summits, is extremely beautiful. It differs from the views from the greater part of the White Mountains, as there, in whatever direction you look, nothing is to be seen but the rugged mountain tops, with the valleys here and there between. While here, besides a similar view towards the east, you have spread out before you, on the west, the fertile land of Western Vermont, comparatively level, though here and there diversified by hills, bordered by the silver waters of Lake Champlain, with the blue Adirondack Hills in the far distance beyond. To one fresh from the White Mountains, this view is singularly attractive. You see the farm-houses clustering into villages; you can follow the courses of the winding streams among the hills and forests; you can clearly see the dark green of the waving grain, and can almost distinguish the farmers at their toils. Among the peaks of the White Mountains you only see occasional traces of civilization, and it is the wildness that chiefly is impressed upon the mind. But here there seems to be another and a different sensation. The beauty of the landscape, the feeling that all this pleasant land is filled with life, together with the suggestion of the distant Adirondacks, that within their dark recesses is concealed an undiscovered world of loveliness, combine to enchain one irresistibly to the spot.

To the north may be seen the hills of Montreal, and, in a sunshiny day, the glistening spires of that city. Burlington can be identified on the lake shore by the same means. The whole of Lake Champlain, from Fort Ticonderoga to the extreme north, lies stretched out before you. Owl's Head, on the shores of Memphremagog Lake, lies away to the north. Eastward you can see the White Mountains closing in the field of view. In the south rise Camel's Hump and others of the Green Mountain range. From the Chin you may look down into the Smuggler's Notch, and even descend into it, if you have time and endurance.

On the way to the Chin may be seen, in many places, parallel lines marked on the rocks, in a uniform north and south direction, left here it is supposed when the mountain was covered with snow, and the glacier carried huge stones in its cold embrace. In one place are two large bowlders deposited on the mountain top, with the lines they made in reaching the eminence visible a few feet from them. These drift scratches have attracted much attention from geologists. To make this excursion to the Chin, and not be hurried, a night should be spent upon the mountain.

On the eastern side of the Nose the host of the Summit House will point out to you the "Old Man of Mansfield Mountain," if indeed you have not already noticed it. The profile is quite excellent, though not, of course, rivalling in regularity of features the "Old Man" of Franconia.

Moss Glen Falls.

Another trip to be made from the Mansfield House — and for this we would advise an early morning ride — is to Moss Glen Falls. These falls are to be found in a ravine of singular formation about four miles from the hotel, on one of the lower ridges on the north-eastern slope of Worcester Mountain. The source of the stream is a small pond on the table land above the bluff, which is about two hundred feet in height. The solid cliff seems here to have been cleft asunder, and the perpendicular walls are left standing in their majesty.

The same arrangement exists here, as at Catskill Falls, for increasing the volume of water, which in summer is often very low. But the dam and head of water are under the control of the proprietor of the saw-mill, who does not approve of having the water run to waste for the mere amusement of visitors. You will be fortunate, then, if you happen to visit the falls when there is a good head of water. The best point of view is about fifty feet up the cliff, on the side nearest the highway.

The charge for a team is $2.00 if less than three go, and 75 cents each for a larger number.

The Smuggler's Notch

must also be visited. It is a narrow mountain pass, said to be worn out by the action of water, to which a carriage road has just been built. A small hotel has

been erected in it by the Hotel Company, so that shelter can always be had. It is nine miles distant from the Mansfield House, and the charges for conveyance are the same as to the summit. The pass is wild and impressive. Huge bowlders have fallen from the mountain side, on which large trees are now growing. To the largest of them has been given the name of Brigham's Rock. There is here also a mammoth spring, with clear cold water flowing at all times in great abundance. There are traditions that this pass was formerly used by smugglers to carry on their contraband trade, and it seems well suited for that purpose, if the object was to cross easily from one side of the mountain to the other.

We have completed the description of the routes to the Mountains, as well as the description of the Mountains themselves. We have seen that all the various routes from New York are condensed, in reality, to three, as we approach the mountain region: one leaves us at Gorham, on the eastern side; the second at White Mountain Notch; and the third at Franconia. Upon what particular route the choice may fall, we would urge that the whole range, from Franconia to the "Glen," be visited if possible. In no other way can a complete idea of all the beauty and loveliness of this "Switzerland of America" be gained. It is well, also, to go by one and return by another route. Tickets *to* and *through* the region should not be pur-

chased at a distance, as circumstances may render it desirable to vary from a plan first laid down. Travellers coming from the Canadas, either by Rouse's Point or by the Grand Trunk Railway, should especially avoid purchasing through tickets with privilege of visiting the mountains on their journey. To use these tickets, travellers are compelled to leave the mountains at the place where they first approached, and must thus, frequently, needlessly retrace their steps.

ADDENDA.

Steamboat to Portland.

Besides the boat for Portland every evening, there is a steamer of the International Line, that leaves Commercial Wharf every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday morning, at eight, A.M., returning on alternate days.

Cherry Mountain.

There is this year a regular stage route between Gorham or the Glen House and the Crawford House, by the Cherry-Mountain Road, leaving the Hotels about the same time as by the route through Jackson and Bartlett. The fare is the same, $4.00.

Beecher's Falls

ought also to be mentioned as one of the attractions of the Notch. An easy path through the woods to the right of the Hotel leads one to a mountain brook, which, even in the dryest time, is well filled with pure mountain water. On this brook, for a third of a mile, will be found a series of delightful cascades, not excelled for beauty in the whole range of mountain travel. At the head of the uppermost fall, called the Flume Cascade, on the broad, shelving rocks, a full view of the summit of Mt. Washington is to be had, which will well repay

one for the by-no-means-difficult ascent. The falls are named for Rev. H. W. BEECHER, of Brooklyn, N.Y., who is said to have taken an involuntary bath in one of the basins at the foot of a cascade. The mountain in the same direction from the Hotel, whose summit has been disclosed by the cutting-away of the trees of the hill near the House, has been named Mt. Lincoln.

THE CRAWFORD HOUSE

is now kept by Messrs. HARTSHORN, WALCOTT, and DOYLE. Mr. DOYLE was formerly connected with the American House of Boston.

ISLAND HOUSE.

On Diamond Island, in Lake Winnipesaukee, has just been erected a new Hotel, called the Island House. This island is about equally distant from the Weirs, Wolfborough, and Alton Bay. The "Lady of the Lake" will make regular daily calls at the island during the season. The Hotel is new, is thoroughly built, &c., and is furnished in the best manner. The landlord, Mr. Rider, will spare no pains to make this house as well kept and as pleasant for visitors as any of the summer houses. The Hotel will accommodate about fifty guests.

THE CRAWSHAW HOUSE,

a new Hotel, has just been erected in Jefferson, about three miles from the Waumbeck House, and will be open the present season.

AT NORTH CONWAY

there is a new Hotel, the MCMILLAN HOUSE, by JOHN MCMILLAN, which has been enlarged the past season, and is a deservedly popular aspirant for the favor of the public.

ROUTES VIA CONNECTICUT VALLEY.

Besides leaving New York in the morning, as suggested in route 6, page 8, and page 213, passing the night at Bellows Falls, there are other trains, making closer connections. Leaving the depot on Twenty-seventh Street, New York, at 12.15 (noon), the train arrives at White River Junction at 11.30, P.M. Passing the night at the Hotel near the depot, the tourist may leave White River Junction at 8 o'clock the next morning, and arrive at the Profile House, via stage from Wells River, at 1 o'clock. Another train leaves New York at 3 o'clock, P.M., arriving at Springfield at 8, where the night must be passed. The next morning at 7.45 the train leaves for the mountains, arriving at Littleton at 5 P.M., in season for the evening stages to Profile House and White Mountain Notch. Another train leaves New York at 8, P.M., arriving at Springfield at 2 A.M., whence the tourist may proceed, at 7.45, A.M., as just mentioned. New York may also be left by boat to New Haven from Peck Slip, arriving in Springfield at 10, P.M., and proceeding the next morning as already described. All these routes are by the pleasant Connecticut River, whose scenery is unsurpassed. The

distance from New York to the Profile House is 322 miles, being shorter than any other route.

On the return, leaving the Profile House or White Mountain Notch in the morning, New York is reached by rail at 10.30 P.M. Or leaving the train at Springfield at 6 P.M., time is afforded for tea, and by the steamboat train a connection is made with the New Haven boat, arriving at New York the next morning.

In addition to the route by rail from Newport, Vt., to the Profile House, there is now a stage connecting at Wells River with the train from Newport in the morning, which reaches the Profile House in season for dinner, thus avoiding the delay of six or eight hours in waiting for the afternoon train to Littleton.

GOLD MINING.

The recent discovery of gold in several portions of the State has proved so important as to authorize a notice of the localities. The most important mines are near Lisbon Village, a few miles below Littleton, on the railroad. The assay of the ores from this locality shows a net product of from $500 to $600 per ton. Large quantities of ores have been taken out, and a stamp mill will soon be erected.

There are other mines on Moosehillock mountain, in Warren, a station on the Boston, Concord, and Montreal railroad, above Plymouth, while at many places in the range good indications have been discovered.

ERRATUM.— On page 121, line 21, for *landing* read laundry.

GENERAL VIEW OF ROUTES.

NEW YORK TO THE WHITE MOUNTAINS BY WAY OF BOSTON.

I (*a*). To GORHAM. By boats from their respective piers on North River via New London, Groton, or Newport, or by rail from 27th St. via Springfield and Worcester, or via New London and Providence to BOSTON; thence by Eastern or Boston and Maine Railroad, or by boat from India Wharf daily (except Sunday), at 7 P. M.; or from Commercial Wharf Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8 A. M., to PORTLAND: thence by Grand Trunk Railroad to ALPINE HOUSE; stage to GLEN HOUSE.

I (*b*). To BOSTON as above; thence by Boston and Lowell, and Concord Railroads, or by Boston and Maine, and Concord, Manchester and Lawrence Railroads, to CONCORD, N. H.; thence by Boston, Concord and Montreal Railroad, to Weirs; thence by steamer to CENTRE HARBOR or WOLFBOROUGH; thence by stage via NORTH CONWAY to Glen House. Or, from Boston by Boston and Maine Railroad to DOVER, N. H.; thence by Dover and Winnipiseogee Railroad to ALTON, steamer and stage.*

II (*a*). To WHITE MOUNTAIN NOTCH. Same as I (*b*). Lines of stages run directly from Centre Harbor, Wolfborough, to CRAWFORD HOUSE via NORTH CONWAY, and the magnificent valley of the Saco River.*

II (*b*). To BOSTON as above; thence by Boston and Lowell, or Boston and Maine Railroad, and Concord, Manchester and Lawrence R. R., to CONCORD, N. H.; thence by Boston, Concord and Montreal, or by Northern and Passumpsic Railroad, to WELLS RIVER, Vt.; thence by White Mountains Railroad to LITTLETON, N. H.; thence to CRAWFORD HOUSE by stage.

III (*a*). To FRANCONIA NOTCH. Same as II (*b*). Stages run from LITTLETON, on arrival of the cars from Boston by either route, to the PROFILE HOUSE.

III (*b*). To CONCORD, N. H., from Boston by Boston and Maine, or Boston and Lowell R. R.; from Concord by Boston, Concord and Montreal R. R. to PLYMOUTH, N. H.; thence by stage to PROFILE HOUSE up the beautiful valley of the Pemigewasset River.

* Over night at NORTH CONWAY, N. H.

NEW YORK TO MOUNT MANSFIELD VIA BOSTON.

NEW YORK to BOSTON via either Sound lines; BOSTON to WATERBURY via Concord, N. H., and White River Junction; thence by stage to the MT. MANSFIELD HOTEL.

NEW YORK TO THE WHITE MOUNTAINS BY WAY OF WORCESTER.

I (*a*). To GORHAM. Boat to New London, and Norwich and Worcester Railroad,* or by rail† from 27th St. via Springfield to WORCESTER; thence by Worcester and Nashua and Concord Railroads to CONCORD, N. H.; thence by Boston, Concord and Montreal R. R. to WEIRS; thence by steamer to Centre Harbor or Wolfborough; thence by stage to NORTH CONWAY and up the valley of the Ellis River.

II (*a*). To WHITE MOUNTAIN NOTCH same as II (*a*), preceding page. Stages run from CENTRE HARBOR to CRAWFORD HOUSE via NORTH CONWAY and the valley of the Saco.†

II (*b*). From Worcester to CONCORD, N. H. as above; thence by Boston, Concord and Montreal, or by Northern and Passumpsic R. R., to WELLS RIVER; thence to LITTLETON; thence by stage to CRAWFORD HOUSE.

III (*a*). To FRANCONIA NOTCH. To CONCORD, N. H., as above; thence to LITTLETON as above; thence by stage to PROFILE HOUSE.

III (*b*). To CONCORD, N. H., as above; thence by Boston, Concord and Montreal R. R. to Plymouth; thence by stage to PROFILE HOUSE.

NEW YORK TO THE WHITE MOUNTAINS BY WAY OF THE VALLEY OF THE CONNECTICUT RIVER.

I. To THE WHITE MOUNTAIN NOTCH, or to FRANCONIA NOTCH. By rail from 27th Street, or by steamer from Peck Slip, via New Haven and Hartford, to SPRINGFIELD, Mass.; thence by the Connecticut River R. R. to GREENFIELD and SOUTH VERNON, Vt.; thence by the Vermont Valley R. R. to BELLOWS FALLS; § thence by the Sullivan R. R. to WINDSOR; thence by the Vermont Central R. R. to the WHITE RIVER JUNCTION; thence by the Passumpsic to WELLS RIVER; thence by the White Mountain R. R. to LITTLETON, N. H.; thence by stage to CRAWFORD HOUSE or PROFILE HOUSE.

NEW YORK TO THE WHITE MOUNTAINS BY WAY OF ALBANY AND RUTLAND, VT.

I. To WHITE MOUNTAIN or FRANCONIA NOTCH. By rail or boat to ALBANY and TROY; thence by Western Vermont, or Troy and Boston

* Over night at NORTH CONWAY, N. H.
† Over night at CONCORD, N. H., and NORTH CONWAY.
§ Over night at BELLOWS FALLS. See Addenda, page 235,

R. R., or Rutland and Washington R. R., to Rutland, Vt.;* thence by Rutland and Burlington R. R. to BELLOWS FALLS; thence by Sullivan, Vermont Central, Passumpsic, and White Mountains Railroads to LITTLETON; thence by stage to CRAWFORD HOUSE or PROFILE HOUSE.

I (*a*). SARATOGA SPRINGS to FRANCONIA or WHITE MOUNTAIN NOTCH. Saratoga and Washington, Rutland and Washington R. R. to to RUTLAND; Rutland and Burlington R. R. to BELLOWS FALLS; thence to LITTLETON as above; Stage to PROFILE HOUSE or CRAWFORD HOUSE.

II (*b*). Saratoga and Whitehall R. R. to MOREAU; Stage to CALDWELL; thence by Steamer to Lake George; Stage to OLD FORT TICONDEROGA; thence by Steamer on Lake Champlain to BURLINGTON; thence by Vermont Central R. R. to WHITE RIVER JUNCTION; stopping at Waterbury for Mount Mansfield; thence to LITTLETON; Stage to PROFILE HOUSE or CRAWFORD HOUSE.

NIAGARA FALLS TO THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

I (*a*). To GORHAM. By rail to LEWISTON; thence by Steamer through Lake Ontario, and down the St. Lawrence River, or by Great Western Railroad to HAMILTON, C. W.; thence by Grand Trunk Railroad to MONTREAL; thence by Grand Trunk to GORHAM.

II (*a*). TO THE WHITE MOUNTAIN NOTCH AND FRANCONIA NOTCH. To MONTREAL as above, thence by Champlain and St. Lawrence Railroad to ROUSE'S POINT; thence by Vermont and Canada and Vermont Central Railroads† to WHITE RIVER JUNCTION; thence by Passumpsic and White Mountains Railroad to LITTLETON; thence by stage to CRAWFORD HOUSE or PROFILE HOUSE.

II (*b*). To LEWISTON by rail; thence by Steamer to Ogdensburg; thence by Northern (N. Y.) R. R. to Rouse's Point; thence to LITTLETON and CRAWFORD HOUSE and PROFILE HOUSE as above.

II (*c*). Buffalo, Niagara Falls and Lewiston Railroad to LEWISTON; Steamer to MONTREAL through Lake Ontario and down the River St. Lawrence; Grand Trunk to SHERBROOKE; Stage to OUTLET VILLAGE, Lake Memphremagog, Steamer Mountain Maid to NEWPORT, Vt.; Connecticut and Passumpsic River, and White Mountain Railroads to LITTLETON; Stage.

II (*d*). By New York Central Railroad via ROCHESTER to ALBANY; thence by Rutland and Washington R. R. to RUTLAND, Vt.; thence by Rutland and Burlington R. R. to BELLOWS FALLS; thence to WHITE RIVER JUNCTION, WELLS RIVER, and LITTLETON; thence by stage.

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* Over night at RUTLAND or BELLOWS FALLS.
† Stop at WATERBURY for STOWE and MANSFIELD MOUNTAINS.

TABLE OF FARES.

☞ The stage fares are this year at unusually high rates, which it is hoped will not prevail another season.

NEW YORK to BOSTON, by cars,	$6.00
" " " " boat and cars,	5.00
BOSTON to GORHAM, N. H., by cars,	6.00
" " " " boat and cars,	5.00
GORHAM to GLEN HOUSE (stage),	1.00
GLEN HOUSE to CRAWFORD HOUSE (stage),	4.00
" " " NORTH CONWAY "	3.25
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Connecticut River Railroad Line

FROM NEW YORK,

Passing through Stamford, Norwalk, Bridgeport, New Haven, Meriden, Hartford, Springfield, Northampton, Greenfield, Brattleboro', Bellows Falls, Windsor, White River Junction, Wells River and Littleton; being over *seventy miles shorter than any other route from New York to the White Mountains.*

Time Table after July 2, 1866.

GOING NORTH.

Leave New York, Corner 27th Street and 4th Avenue	12.15 P.M.		3.00	or 8.00 P.M.	
Leave New Haven	3.20 ,,		6 00	,, 11.00 ,,	
,, Springfield	6.30 ,,		arrive 8.10 P.M	,, 1.10 A.M.	lodge
,, Springfield	——			leave 7.45 ,,	
,, Northampton	7.20 ,,			,, 8 35 ,,	
,, Brattleboro'	8.57 ,,			,, 10.30 ,,	
,, Bellows Falls	10.00 ,,			,, 11 40 ,,	
Arrive White River Junction	11 47 ,,	lodge		arrive 1.45 P.M.	
Leave White River Junction	8.20 A.M.			,,	
Arrive Wells River	10.00 ,,			,, 3.30 ,,	
,, Littleton	11.15 ,,			,, 4.40 ,,	
,, Profile House	1.00 P.M.			,, 6.30 ,,	
,, Crawford House	4.00 ,,			,, 9.30 ,,	
,, St. Johnsbury	11 00 A.M.			,, 4.30 ,,	
,, Lake Memphremagog	1.00 P.M.			,, 6.30 ,,	

GOING SOUTH.

Leave Lake Memphremagog	7.15 A.M.	7.00 P.M.	
,, Profile House	7.00 ,,	3.00 ,,	
,, Crawford House	4.30 ,,	12.30 ,,	
,, Littleton	9.00 ,,	5.00 ,,	
,, White River Junction	11 55 ,,	11.40 ,,	
,, Bellows Falls	2.20 P.M.	3.20 A.M.	
,, Brattleboro'	3.25 ,,	4.10 ,,	
Arrive Springfield	5.50 ,,	6.35 ,,	
,, Hartford	6.50 ,,	8.10 ,,	
,, New Haven	8.00 ,,	9.45 ,,	
,, New York	10.45 ,,	12.30 ,,	

Sleeping Cars on night trains between Springfield and White River Junction. Luxuriously furnished Ladies' Cars on day trains between Springfield and Lake Memphremagog.

W. B. BRINSMADE,
Superintendent Connecticut River Railroad

J. C. STEVENS, Agent, Profile House.
D. B. WHIPPLE, Agent, Crawford House.

NORTHERN (N.H.) RAILROAD.

WHITE, FRANCONIA, AND MANSFIELD MOUNTAINS.

Willoughby and Magog Lakes.

VIA THE NORTHERN (N.H.) RAILROAD.

Passenger Trains leave Concord on arrival of Trains from Boston, Worcester, Portsmouth, &c., for Wells River, LITTLETON, St. Johnsbury, Newport, and Magog Lake, Mansfield Mountain, Burlington, Rouse's Point, Montreal, Ogdensburgh, the West, &c., at 10.30 and 10.35, A.M. ; also at 8.35, P.M., for White-River Junction, Montpelier, Mansfield Mountain, Rouse's Point, Montreal, Ogdensburgh, and the West, reaching Montreal and Ogdensburgh the next morning.

Trains leave White-River Junction, at 1.15, A.M., 12.20 and 5.15, P.M., or on arrival of trains from the Vermont Central, Passumpsic and White-Mountains Roads with passengers leaving Magog Lake and the Mansfield, White, and Franconia Mountains the same morning, for Boston, Portsmouth, Lawrence, Lowell, Worcester, Providence, Newport, New York, &c.

Trains each way stop at White-River Junction for passengers to dine.

VISITORS TO THE WHITE AND MANSFIELD MOUNTAINS AND FRANCONIA NOTCH,

from Boston, Newport, New York, and the South, via Portsmouth, Lawrence, Lowell, Nashua, Worcester, Norwich, Providence, Concord, Northern, Passumpsic and White Mountains Railroads to Littleton (which is about twelve miles from the Franconia Notch, and twenty miles from the White-Mountain House, and much the nearest point to the Notch of the Franconia and the White Mountains reached by cars), will find this a pleasant route, through the Valley of the Merrimack and Connecticut Rivers, by Dartmouth College, Norwich University, the Sulphur Springs of Newbury, Vt., — and as cheap as any other route.

Newport Station, on the Passumpsic-River Railroad, is at the head of Magog Lake. Willoughby Lake is five miles from West-Burke Station, on the same road. Waterbury Station, on the Vermont Central Road, is ten miles from Mount-Mansfield House.

THE MOUNTAIN REGIONS OF VERMONT.

The mountain regions of Vermont present attractions to the seeker after pleasure unsurpassed by any spot in New England. The Green Mountains are justly celebrated, and the view from Mount Mansfield (the highest peak) is most splendid. This mountain is five thousand feet high, and from it may be obtained a magnificent view of the whole range of the Green Mountains; also, the Valley, Lake Champlain, with its numerous islands and busy steamers. Burlington, Ticonderoga, and Plattsburg are directly before the eye; and the Adirondac Mountains, in New York, in the distance. Montreal, seventy miles, and the White Mountains, one hundred miles distant, can be seen with the naked eye. Fifty villages, and every county in the State, are visible from the summit. There is an excellent Hotel upon the summit, and at the foot of the mountain that splendid Hotel, the "Mansfield House," offers attractions to make one's stay agreeable; and all who become the guests of its hospitable proprietors can exclaim, with truth, "I am at home."

Passengers make quick connection at White-River Junction, and proceed to Waterbury, on the Vermont Central Railroad, from which point they take passage to Stowe, by stage. The ride to Stowe (10 miles) is over a beautiful road, where is found the new Hotel, the "Mansfield House," with all the modern improvements; and the village itself cannot be surpassed for a quiet summer residence.

Tickets to Detroit from Boston, Concord, and Portsmouth, and intermediate points via this route, $16.50. From Bellows Falls, Montpelier, White-River Junction, and other stations in Vermont, $16. Good for ten days. From Boston to Detroit and return, good for thirty days, $30. Fare from Detroit to Chicago, $8.50.

This Line is supplied with good SLEEPING AND SMOKING CARS, and REFRESHMENT SALOONS, unsurpassed by any other route.

☞ General Ticket Office, No. 5 State Street, Boston, Mass.

L. MILLIS,

Gen. Pass. Agt., Vt. Central Line.

CONNECTICUT AND PASSUMPSIC RIVER

RAILROAD,

For White and Franconia Mountains, Lake Memphremagog, Montreal and Quebec.

Direct Route from New York and Southern Cities, Saratoga Springs, Boston, Providence, Worcester, Concord, Montreal, and Quebec,

Passing near the pleasant villages of Norwich, Vt.; Hanover, N.H. (where is located the celebrated Dartmouth College); Thetford, Vt.; Lyme, N.H; Fairlee, Vt.; Orford, N.H.; Bradford, Vt.; Haverhill, N.H.; Newbury, Vt. (the location of the Sulphur Springs, much resorted to for their medicinal qualities); WELLS RIVER, Vt (where White Mountain Railroad connects for Littleton, the nearest railway station to the White Mountains); Barnet, Vt.; St. Johnsbury, Vt.; Lyndon, Barton, and Newport, the head of Lake Memphremagog. The hotel accomodations along the entire line are first class.

TIME TABLE, JULY 2, 1866.

GOING NORTH.	*Express.*	*Mail.*
Leave White River Junction	8.20 A.M.	1 45 P.M.
Arrive Wells River	10.00 ,,	3.30 ,,
,, Littleton	11.15 ,,	4.40 ,,
,, Profile House	1.00 P.M.	6.30 ,,
,, Crawford House	4.00 ,,	9.30 ,,
,, St. Johnsbury	11.00 ,,	4.30 ,,
Newport or Lake Memphremagog	1.00 ,,	6.30 ,,

GOING SOUTH.	*Mail.*	*Express.*
Leave Newport	7.15 A.M.	7.00 P.M.
,, St. Johnsbury	9.17 ,,	9 00 ,,
,, Profile House	7.00 ,,	3.00 ,,
,, Crawford House	4.30 ,,	12.30 ,,
,, Littleton	9.00 ,,	5.00 ,,
,, Wells River	10 13 ,,	9.50 ,,
Arrive White River Junction	11.55 ,,	11.40 ,,

☞ Sunday-morning train leaves White River Junction 1.15 A.M., arriving at Newport 6.00 A.M.

STEAMER MOUNTAIN MAID

leaves Newport daily 7.15 A.M., connecting at Magog with coaches for Grand Trunk Railroad, arriving at Montreal or Quebec same evening.

Returning, leaves Magog 2.00 P.M., on arrival of coaches from Grand Trunk Railway; reaching Newport, to connect with evening train for New York, Boston, and Burlington.

No change of cars between Boston (Lowell depot) and Lake Memphremagog, or Springfield and Lake Memphremagog.

☞ Smoking cars on all trains. Luxuriously furnished "Ladies' Cars" run daily between Springfield and Lake Memphremagog.

☞ Ask for tickets via Passumpsic Railroad. Through tickets to Profile House (Franconia Mountains), Crawford House (White Mountains), and Newport (Lake Memphremagog), sold at all the principal railroad stations.

Through tickets and correct information in regard to routes given by agents Passumpsic Railroad.

A. H. PERRY, *Supt.*

J. C. STEVENS, Agent, Profile House.
D. B. WHIPPLE, Agent, Crawford House.

Oliver Optic in a New Field.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

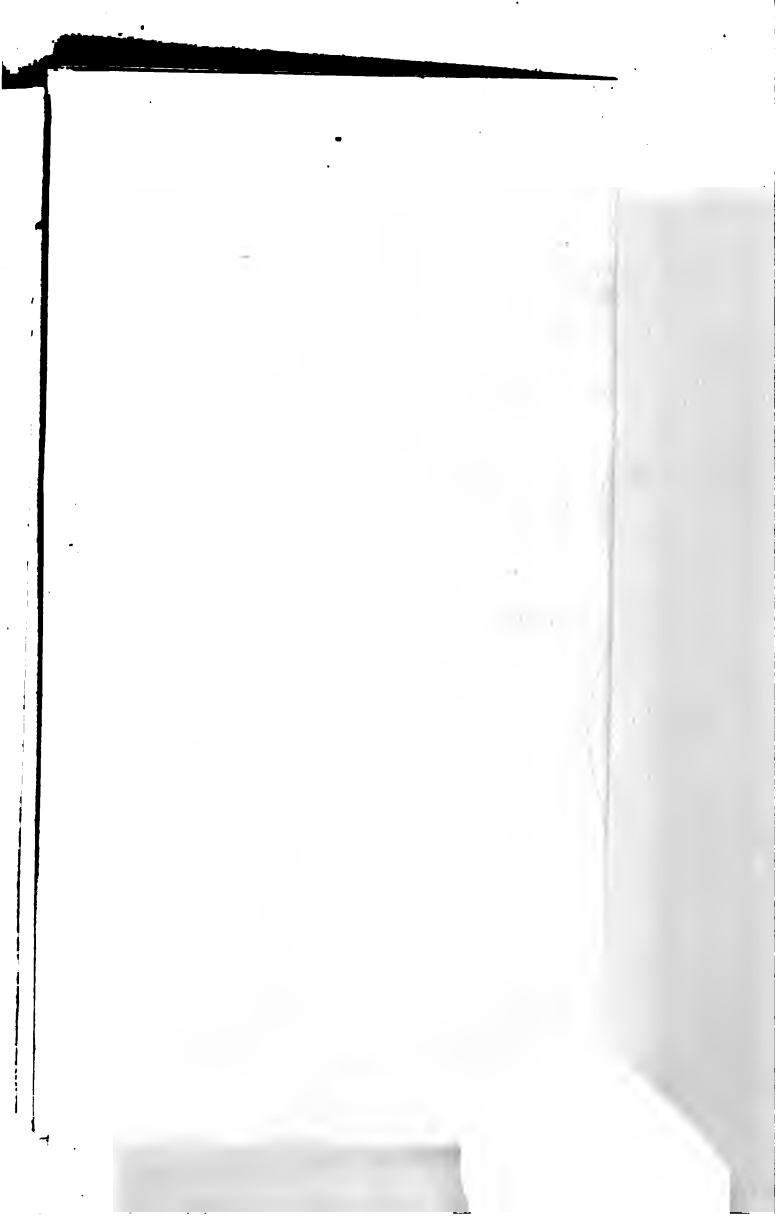
A Novel.

By WILLIAM T. ADAMS,

(Oliver Optic.)

Under his *nom de plume* of "Oliver Optic," Mr. Adams has acquired an enviable fame as writer of juvenile books. Always teaching a wholesome lesson under cover of an attractive story, his books are welcome guests in every household.

His "Army and Navy Stories," six in number, viz., "The Soldier Boy," "The Sailor Boy," "The Young Lieutenant," "The Yankee Middy," "Fighting Joe," and "Brave Old Salt," have already reached a sale of fifty thousand copies, while the total sale of his books during the last year alone reaches one hundred thousand copies.

That so prolific and pleasing a writer will be equally successful in his new field of enterprise none can doubt who have witnessed the eagerness with which his juvenile books have been seized and read by the "old people" as well as the "young folks."

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